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In his speech at the Central Hall, Westminster, Mr. Bonar Law made one observation of a shrewdness and profundity unusual at political meetings. He said that when parties were more or less equally divided, and party spirit ran high in consequence, the Government were driven into passing more extreme measures than they wished or intended. It is another, and perhaps the greatest danger of party government that it is so. The first reading of a Bill in these conditions is a challenge; the second reading a battle; and the third reading a victory on a stricken field. Who does not know the fierce cheering which follows such a victory, nearly always a triumph over commonsense and moderation? It is precisely battles of that kind which the Coalition is designed to avoid. The times are too critical; the latent passions too powerful. The presence of the Conservatives in the Government will compel moderation, and a consideration for the interests of all classes.

At last we have found a Prime Minister who is strong enough to tell the Irish that their Home Rule is not the most important question in the world! In his letter to Mr. Bonar Law—a letter we predict that will be much quoted for some time to come—Mr. Lloyd George says that Ireland must wait. Irishmen, having been given the chance (by the Convention) of agreeing amongst themselves, and having failed, they must now take such a settlement as seems good to the predominant partner, who has decided to exempt Ulster from the blessings of Home Rule. "I recognise, however, that in the present condition of Ireland such an attempt" (*i.e.*, at settlement) "could not succeed, and that it must be postponed until the condition of Ireland makes it possible." Instead of arrogantly demanding a republic from the nation that has just beaten Germany, Sinn Feiners and Nationalists must learn to acknowledge British authority.

Mr. Balfour's generous tribute to Mr. Bonar Law included the unusual but deserved compliment that, though the leader of the largest party in the House of Commons, he had been content to accept the second place. It is rare indeed that a political chieftain agrees to take less than the numerical strength of his forces entitles him to. No doubt Mr. Law was influenced by the conviction that, while he could trust the Conservatives to support a Radical leader, he could not trust the Radicals to support a Conservative leader. We doubt whether a Conservative Government could have won the war, because the Radicals would have said that it was a capitalists' war, and withdrawn their support. But, as the Prime Minister says, let bygones be bygones. We are all Lloyd Georgians now.

Mr. Bonar Law is, as Mr. Balfour said, a prompt debater, too prompt frequently for the reporters' gallery. He is also a master of logical exposition: but there is one faculty he lacks, invaluable to a House of Commons' leader, namely, humour, or wit, or both. Lord North was for twelve years the head of the most incompetent Government that ever misruled the Empire, and lost us the American colonies. Fiercely assailed as he was night after night, he kept his place

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Monday, the 25th November, will be dissolved by the King's proclamation the Parliament elected in December, 1910. In 1694 (William III), was passed the triennial Act: in 1716 (George I), was passed the septennial Act: and in 1911 Mr. Asquith's Parliament Act made five years the legal life of Parliament. This Parliament, therefore, ought to have been dissolved in January, 1916, and has three times prolonged its own existence owing to the war. Having tried three, seven and five years, no experiment remains but annual Parliaments, which were recommended by Swift, when he thought the Whigs had been in too long. The Long Parliament was legally in existence for twenty years, having been chosen in 1640, purged by Pride of four-fifths of its members in 1648, dispersed by Cromwell's soldiers in 1653, and revived in 1659 for the purpose of recalling Charles.

"The people who talk about blank cheques talk blank nonsense," said Mr. Lloyd George in a characteristic flash of wit. It is perfectly true. All General Elections are decided on general issues, not on detailed proposals—it is one of the dangers of popular government. The phrase was brought into politics by Mr. Goschen in 1885, who said he would not give a blank cheque to Lord Salisbury. It was the metaphor that would naturally occur to a bill-acceptor. The Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law have defined their programme of reconstruction quite as clearly and closely as it is possible or expedient to do. Sometimes Parliament is dissolved on a particular Bill, as happened in 1886, when Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was rejected in the Commons, and in 1895 when his second Home Rule Bill was thrown out by the Lords. But as a rule, General Elections are fought on programmes of a more or less nebulous description.

and the goodwill of the House by his never-failing humour and ready wit. Perhaps his most ferocious assailant was Colonel Barré, and on one occasion the two had to be bound by the Speaker not to fight a duel. On retiring from politics both men were smitten with blindness, and met accidentally on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. "Ah, Colonel," said Lord North, " notwithstanding all our former battles, I am certain there are not two men in the world, who would be better pleased to see one another." Who could resist such a Minister?

Political doctors disagree as violently as those practitioners whom Mr. Bernard Shaw has satirised as impostors. Mr. Asquith, at the Caxton Hall, after describing the General Election as "a blunder and calamity," added that "a House of Commons brought into being at such a time by an electorate so truncated and so mutilated will, of necessity, lack moral authority to speak and act on behalf of the nation as a whole." On the same day a letter was read to the Dundee Liberal General Committee from Mr. Winston Churchill which said that "the credentials of the new Parliament will be higher than those of any other Parliament we have known. They will be higher because many more millions of electors, men and women, will cast their votes for the new House of Commons than have ever been known in Britain before, and these millions of electors will be representative to an extent which never existed before of the great fighting and working masses."

The utterers of these two contradictory statements are both Liberals, but the difference is that Mr. Churchill is inside the Coalition, and Mr. Asquith is outside. Without the soldiers and sailors the most moderate calculation puts the new voters at twenty millions. Seeing that Mr. Asquith and his party were returned to power in 1906 and 1910 by some eight million electors, what does Mr. Asquith mean by a "truncated and mutilated" electorate "lacking moral authority?" What sort of moral authority was there behind his Parliament Act and his Home Rule Act, when he was chosen by about a third of the present constituency? We quite understand Mr. Asquith's irritation as he sees one after the other of his personal supporters seduced from his allegiance by the offer of an uncontested seat. On this point Mr. Asquith leaves the responsibility to the local Liberal Association. Where that body approves of the Liberal candidate supporting the Coalition, Mr. Asquith will not countenance the running of a Liberal against him. Liberal against Liberal he regards as fratricidal war.

We are glad that Mr. Asquith remains outside the Coalition, because we agree with him and *The Westminster Gazette* that a strong and organised opposition in Parliament is essential to free and uncorrupt government. We strongly object to government by so-called experts, having heard too much of their evidence at the Parliamentary Bar not to know that they will say anything for a fee. What the Prime Minister calls "criticism by experts" means the opinion of Government officials, or those who hope to become such. We have had enough of experts in the Ministry of Munitions, a nest of jobbery and corruption. Further, it would be very undesirable, not to say dangerous, if the only opposition in the House of Commons came from the Labour Party. Mr. Asquith and his friends had a very long innings from 1906 to 1916, and they should now take their share of "fielding" without complaint.

Who's the new peer to-day? Peers are being made so fast that if they were all to attend in the gilded chamber there would not be room for them. The House of Lords is now a more numerous body than the House of Commons, there being nearly 700 legislators, whose titles will descend by the accident of birth, and whom the Radicals pretend to despise. At the end of the eighteenth century there were 220 peers: there are

more than three times as many to-day. Mr. Hayes Fisher becomes Lord Downham of Fulham, and we applaud his choice of a title, which has a territorial smack, and is infinitely better than the plebeian surnames retained by so many of the latter-day peers. In former times, the Lord Chancellors, with taste and tact, picked out of the railway guide well-sounding titles like Westbury and Lyndhurst. No peerage can survive such titles as Lord Smith, Lord Brown, and Lord Jones. There are 19 Scottish peers and 52 Irish peers who enjoy the distinction of not sitting in the House of Lords. There is now no Irish peer in the House of Commons.

Mr. John Burns was asked by the Battersea Labour Party, at a public meeting, whether he "would promise to become a member of the Labour Party, obey their Whips, and sign their Constitution, accept their programme, and comply with the conditions." To this Mr. Burns replied, that while sharing most of the ideals of the Labour Party, endorsing their practical aims, and generally approving their programme, he must decline to become the delegate of a section, rather than a representative of the people. "I do not believe in political indentured labour. A war against militarism and for freedom must not end in Conscript members of Parliament." All this is bravely and wittily said, but of course, flat blasphemy in the eyes of the Labour "boss." As Mr. Burns declines to fight the Battersea Labour Party (for "auld lang syne") he will stand aside in what he calls "this sinister election."

Not the least dramatic of the transactions of the armistice is the handing over for internment in British ports of the whole German submarine fleet (20 of them were delivered on Wednesday) and about a half of the Grand Fleet, battleships, battle-cruisers, light-cruisers, destroyers, etc. So ends the Kaiser's "ill-weaved ambition" of handling Neptune's trident, and driving England from supremacy on her own element Germany, or what was Germany, is now reduced to a third-rate naval Power, and all William's braggadocio about "our greatness lies upon the water" sounds mighty foolish to-day. The Portuguese were at one time the greatest maritime Power in the world, and the Far East contains traces of their voyages. The Dutch were at another period a Naval Power that disputed the palm with England, and we all remember the fleets of Spain. Some people think that modern Greece will become a Naval Power as Japan already is.

Mr. Marsden, the correspondent of *The Morning Post*, who has escaped from Petrograd, is justly indignant with those Englishmen in Russia who tried to curry favour with the Bolsheviks. Was Mr. Lockhart, the Consul, among the number? One of our contemporaries, *The Outlook*, bluntly asserts that Mr. Lockhart fooled the Foreign Office into believing that terms might be made with the Bolsheviks. We have reason for saying that the only person fooled in this respect was Mr. Lockhart, who was lucky to escape with his life. Mr. Marsden declares, oracularly, that the Tsar is not dead, but alive, and that the power which restores him to the throne will command Russia for the next hundred years. We hope the Tsar is alive, and that the Entente Allies will have the sense to restore him. That is the least we can do for our Ally, after having congratulated the rebels who deposed him.

We grumble at the cost of food in London but prices are much higher in Paris. A correspondent writes: "I was charged at Voisin's 57 francs for a bit of whiting, a mutton cutlet, an artichoke, a bottle of Bordeaux, a cup of coffee and a cigar. At Viel's I was charged 4 francs for an artichoke; at Henri's 15 francs for a beef steak for two—paid 180 francs for a dinner for three at Voisin's, only one bottle of champagne being drunk. The French Food Controller tried to compel restaurants to furnish a meal for 20

francs; but it never worked. The luxury-tax of 10 per cent. is added to every meal and to every article of clothing." Paris is crammed, and very gay.

Sir Joseph Broodbank, chairman of the Dock and Warehouse Committee, asks in *The Westminster Gazette* how the Port of London Authority can go on paying bonus after bonus to the workers and maintain the supreme position of London as the greatest port of transit and entrepôt in the world. It is indeed a serious question. The continuous increase in the cost of running public undertakings is due to the periodical grants of war bonus by the Government, and the London dock charges are now 65 per cent. above the pre-war schedule. In 1902 the London Dock Company promoted a Bill in Parliament to enable them to raise the dock charges by £200,000 a year. A storm arose; the Bill was thrown out: a Royal Commission reported seven years later: the Dock Companies were turned out, and the Port Authority appointed in their place. The result has been, Sir Joseph Broodbank tells us, that increases of wages during the last two years have necessitated an increase in the dock charges amounting to £4,000,000; while if the present application for more wages be granted, the augmented burden on trade of the Port dues will be £6,000,000!

Such is the disastrous result of Government taking over large industrial concerns. *The Westminster Gazette* answers that the higher wages and higher charges can be met by increased production, the stock answer to a danger that threatens all our industries, especially those in Government hands. We must be forgiven for saying that the answer is not to the point. The industry of the Port of London is that of a receiving house: it is the chief port of transit and entrepôt for the world, particularly for cargoes of wool, rubber, tea, spices, drugs and metals. Hamburg, Antwerp, and Rotterdam are waiting across the narrow sea to entice away the trade of London. Cargoes will go to the cheapest port as surely as the needle turns towards the pole, and no increased activity on the part of stevedores and dock labourers will avert the fact. Not only, therefore, will the taxpayers go on paying these unconscionable bonuses, but London will lose its trade, unless the Government or the Port Authority can summon up courage to say No.

A new Department, with Sir Stephenson Kent as its head, has been established under the Ministry of Labour to deal with demobilisation and labour resettlement. It is to be hoped that, in handling this question, the Department will pay due heed to the lessons of experience. In particular we trust that it will eschew the rigid, centralised, bureaucratic control which has been practised with the worst results by many departments during the war. The results of such a policy are congestion at the centre and atrophy at the extremities: decisions taken after long delays and uninformed with local knowledge or local experience issue in public discontent. Decentralisation is vital to success in this matter. As much of the work as possible should be delegated to local committees consisting of employers and employed, and only such official control should be retained as is needed to co-ordinate and harmonise the activities of these local bodies. Such an organisation has already been employed by the Ministry of Food, and the local food committees have on the whole earned the good opinion of the public. The best hope for the new Department lies in following this example.

One of the most curious traits in the character of Germans is that they have no shame in admitting that they are liars. The naval battle of Jutland was so clumsily described by our own officials that the Germans loudly proclaimed it as a victory. Captain Persius now writes that "had the weather been clear, or von Scheer's leadership less able, the destruction of the whole German Navy would have resulted. As it

was, the losses of the German Fleet were enormous, and on June 1st it was clear to every thinking man that the Skager Rack battle must be the only one of the war." Yet it was on account of this very battle that Lord Jellicoe was "fired out" (the phrase is Admiral Sims's) by Lord Northcliffe and his press. Captain Persius further admits that the submarine campaign was a huge "bluff" all through; and that in January 1917, when Tirpitz egged the Kaiser into the unlimited campaign, only 12 per cent. of the German submarines were active. The stupidity of this lying strikes one in the face, for "you can't fool all the people all the time."

The Unemployed Donation of £1 4s. a week for men, £1 for women, 12s. for boys between 15 and 18, and 10s. for girls during the next twelve months, is subject to the following restrictions. The applicant must attend at an Employment Exchange or Branch Employment Office to claim the donation, when he or she will be required to sign a declaration contained in the policy. A coupon will be provided for each week, constituting both the claim in respect of each day on which it is signed and a statement that the applicant is unemployed, capable of work, and unable to obtain it. Whilst unemployed the applicant must attend daily at the Employment Exchange, or branch office, to sign the coupon, but if resident more than two miles from the office attendance to sign on alternate days will be sufficient, and if distant more than four miles attendance once a week will do. The one-night matrons, now widows, who hoped to live on the State for the rest of their lives in idleness, will be one of the chief difficulties of the unemployment officials.

A military system, like our pre-war system, which has neither part nor parcel with the educational establishments is unworthy of the name. An educational system, such as our pre-war system, which lacks physical training and in which discipline is untaught, is similarly unworthy of the name. Consider what might have been. Suppose that Lord Roberts's recommendations had been accepted. Assume that physical training and discipline on the lines of the Boy Scouts had been compulsory in all schools; that military training for one year in the Territorial Force had also been compulsory; and that 300,000 men of the Territorial Army, trained, organized and equipped, had been available as an immediate support to the Expeditionary Force. Is it not possible that the balance of power would have averted or indefinitely postponed the war? Or, failing that, is it not possible that the Allies might have successfully held the line Namur, Brussels, Antwerp; that the German submarine offensive would then have lost half its power and that the German aircraft raids would have proved quite insignificant?

The strength and composition of the British Army, obviously, cannot be considered apart from the Navy, the Air-Force, or the Educational system. Up to the present all these have, apparently, been dealt with separately in air-tight compartments. Thus we have the "Blue water school" and the "Blue funk school," and there will now arise a Blue air school. We have the educational clique which would teach the humanities alone, and the modern clique which pins its faith to technical education, neither, apparently, giving thought to the particular rôle which the boy will be called to play in his future. Judging, however, from the Prime Minister's speech at the Central Hall, Westminster, on the 16th, there is every hope that British statesmanship will now evolve a system in which all these shall be co-ordinated. It can hardly be that the British Democracy is so wedded to its haphazard methods that it will continue to squander men and money every time the recurring calamity of war bursts upon it.

THE BURDEN OF PEACE.

HERE must be many people suffering from a certain malady to-day—a malady which is often apparent at a time of great events; and that is the inability to awaken in themselves the thoughts and emotions theoretically appropriate to the occasion. An armistice has been signed; fighting on all fronts has ceased; the burden of an awful horror has been lifted from the world. The appropriate feeling here is surely one of undiluted rejoicing. "The war is over"—what more appropriate theme could be found for a paean of pure joy? And yet, the general feeling, at this crisis, is by no means so simple as this. The reaction, in nearly every case, is complex. Underneath the universal outburst of joy and relief is something else—a lurking disquietude, a foreboding, an apprehension, almost a sadness. The cheers in the streets, the flags, the jollifications—all these are natural and inevitable. We can take our part in them, we can understand how entirely suitable they are, with a difference we can even enter whole-heartedly into them. But they do not tell the whole story. Behind them all is a shadow and a weight, which we perhaps did not admit to ourselves last Monday, but which has become more insistent with the passage of the days. What is it which troubles us? Whence comes this curious undercurrent of something apparently so out of harmony with the circumstances of the hour?

We do not think that there is any one answer. There are thousands to-day who, of course, have a very near and intimate reason for their mingled feelings. As a dear and excellent Scotch cook, who has lost her husband, a Private in the Guards, said the other morning: "It makes such a difference when you have nobody to come back to you." This reason all can understand. It is one of the shadows behind the rejoicings—a shadow, alas! in many and many a home to-day. A mighty victory has been won; but it has been won by the prowess and the valour of too many who are not here with us to share its triumph.

It is as though the serried hosts of the dead had summoned us behind the veil to receive from their hands the boon which their sacrifice has won.

But there are reasons which stretch even beyond this, reasons less readily put into words, perhaps less readily to be grasped by thought. The mood of the hour has its impersonal side, quite apart from all personal loss or suffering. The mighty organism of humanity has been tortured and racked for four long years, and, with the relaxing of the pressure, the natural reaction has set in. The soul of the world cannot retain its buoyancy unimpaired through so long a period of agony. It must lose something of its capacity for response. It cannot pass from sorrow to joy in a moment, simply by a change in outward circumstances. The impress of all that it has gone through is upon it, and it may be many years before the world of our time can recover something of the joyous vigour which it has lost.

Over and above this there are two thoughts which, we believe, are in all reflective minds to-day. One is that we have been living for some time past, and are living still, amid events so great, so overwhelming in their grandeur, that the human mind sinks crushed and impotent before the contemplation of them. We have seen, never so palpably before, the vindication of a great Moral Law. The mightiest drama of Insolence and Punishment that history has ever witnessed has been worked out before our eyes. Powers, which we have been accustomed to think of as abstractions, have shown by their operations that they are as real as the physical forces of Nature. The true victors in this war are Principles, not nations; and the triumph of man is overshadowed by the consciousness that somewhere and somehow, a mightier triumph is being celebrated, of which ours is only the faint and dim reflection.

The other reflection is intimately connected with this. Many have thought of this war as the prelude to a new age. And now, of a sudden, almost in the

twinkling of an eye, the new age is upon us. On every side the fabric of the past is crumbling. The crash of crowns and empires is in our ears. In a month, the face of Europe has completely changed. The rigid structures of tradition have been broken up and the material for the great reshaping lies ready to our hands. Are we ready for it? That is the question which is exercising many minds to-day; and apprehension of the perils of that unknown land to the borders of which the Fates have led us, is one of the strongest elements in the trouble which mingles with our present joy. The time which we have looked forward to is actually here; and with its coming must come also the dread transition from dreams to action. All around us are mighty forces, suddenly released, which can either work destruction or regeneration, according as they are directed and controlled. Let them get out of hand, and the future of the world is not one which any man or woman would readily face. Let them be guided into useful channels, and our dreams of a new heaven and a new earth may be (who knows?) as near reality as any dream can be.

Such are some of the feelings which beset the obvious gladness of the hour and which complicate and, in cases, impede its expression. And, after all, is it not well that they should be there? The world of to-day has passed beyond mere crude rejoicings over a fallen foe. It has mightier responsibilities, and even victory has become to it only a stage in a vaster process. The allegiance which the Allied nations owe to the Principles through whose strong aid they have conquered is an allegiance which becomes the more binding and compelling, now that the victory has been won. Well is it that, in the midst of their rejoicings, thoughtful minds in every land should be filled with the solemnity of a triumph which so many sacrifices have made possible, with the awed consciousness of the aid of mightier Powers than their own, and with the sense that, however great have been the tasks of the past, the task before them is still greater and has to be as well and nobly done.

THE NEW LIBERALISM.

ALTHOUGH we are not new, and do not profess to be Liberal, we regard this sketch of the principles of a New Liberalism* as a sound and rational contribution to political controversy. The sub-title is 'Saner Politics or Revolution.' We are quite as alive as Mr. Reid to the dangers of revolution, and we agree that saner politics are the best way of averting that catastrophe. But we are not sure that Mr. Reid has provided us with the prophylactic, for he is elusive, and his remedies have the defect of vagueness, a charge which he does not avoid by saying that it is not his function "to formulate a concrete programme." We agree with most of Mr. Reid's propositions, which are those of a moderate man, believing, as we do, in the golden mean. For instance, as one of his "premises of ordered progress", Mr. Reid says we must get rid of the atmosphere of suspicion, in which everybody exclaims, "there's something behind it." Agreed: but then you must first of all get rid of the fact that there generally is something behind it: in other words, you must get rid of the wholesale jobbery and robbery and extravagance in which the spending Departments, the Ministry of Munitions, War Office, Admiralty, and Air Service, have been wallowing ever since the war began. In this connection we confess to disappointment with Mr. Reid's chapter on 'Cleaner Politics and an Independent Press.' Mr. Reid notes that the party system suffers from three diseases, "jobbery, snobbery, and personal ambition." How does he propose to cure these? Or what does he suppose are the motives which impel men to undergo the expense and degradation of an election, and the drudgery of parliamentary life? They are, as they always have been, from the days of Cicero down to

* 'The Great Alternative.' By Leonard Reid. London: Longmans. 8s. 6d. net.

our own, personal ambition of one kind or another, the desire for money, social distinction, or political power. These always will be the chief motives of politicians, for the Lord Salisburys and the Duke of Devonshires always have been rare, are becoming rarer, and soon will be extinct specimens of the breed political. In truth the desire of office or social success is neither an illegitimate nor an ignoble ambition. With regard to the Press, Mr. Reid proposes that a law shall be passed to prohibit a man from owning more than a limited interest (£5,000 is the figure suggested) in more than one newspaper. We realise, perhaps more keenly than Mr. Reid, the danger of the Northcliffe megaphone: but as a man of the world Mr. Reid must know that his proposed law is nonsense. The only cure for the Northcliffe megaphone is that a discerning public should laugh at its performances. That will come in time.

Turning to the chapters on "the better distribution of wealth," Mr. Reid escapes, like all moderate men, between the extremes. A levy on capital he regards as inevitable for the reduction of the enormous war debt: but then he quotes Lord Leverhulme as saying that "the conscription of wealth would be an assassin-blow at the heart of the British Empire." It is, in short, a question of amount with Mr. Reid, who acknowledges that "anything like a £5,000,000,000 or £6,000,000,000 levy is mere moonshine." But as the amount gets smaller, Mr. Reid's enthusiasm rises. A moderate levy on capital, say, for half the amount mentioned, if made optional, as an alternative to a continued high rate of income tax, is what we are all prepared to accept.

In his chapters on Industrial Self-Government and Profit-Sharing, Mr. Reid, like most other writers on these topics, starts from an assumption which we decline to take without proof: we call for evidence. That assumption is that higher wages to labour will be accompanied by increased production. Hitherto, the evidence is all the other way. It is the experience of most employers, certainly of all colliery managers, that the higher the wages the less work is done. Double wages have been followed by half production. The colliers earn enough by three days' work, on the increased war-scale, to keep themselves and their families for the week. Consequently, they work three days and play four, and the world is short of coal. It is true that in the United States, by the use of the most modern plant, they get far better results from high wages and profit-sharing than any obtained here by Lord Leverhulme or anybody else. Mr. Reid quotes the Ford conditions of profit-sharing, which are sound enough, for the workman, to be admitted to the profit-sharing scheme, must prove himself to be a sober, thrifty, industrious, and serious member of society. What we want to see demonstrated by evidence is the proposition that higher wages lead to greater productivity, and that the British working-man is willing to submit to the conditions of the Ford profit-sharing scheme.

On the subject of Liberty and the State, we welcome Mr. Reid as an individualist, of whom there are too few nowadays. We only hope he is right, and that the business men will rise up after the war and shake off the yoke of bureaucracy. When we see a brave and witty nation like the French submitting tamely to the tyranny of the *fonctionnaire* we are apt to despond. The British character, it is true, differs from the French, and we are perhaps the most individualistic nation on the earth; or we were before the war. But ominous signs are the docility with which we have accepted the most absurd vagaries of "Dora," and the meekness with which we have allowed our clocks and our wine merchants' bills to be regulated by the State. If Mr. Reid could really found a Centre Party of moderate men on the principles enunciated in these pages, we should be among the first to join it, and as a step to its foundation, we recommend every thinking politician to read 'The Great Alternative.'

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT THEATRICAL DISCONTENT.

WE were the first to draw public attention to the fact that the English theatre is passing almost entirely into the hands of syndicates and undertakers whose object is to purvey amusement wholesale without much regard to its kind or quality, and we were the first to condole with the actor upon his approaching enslavement to these wealthy and enterprising brokers of the playhouse. We are accordingly interested to observe that Mr. Dennis Eadie, in the current issue of the *Fortnightly*, feelingly protests against this incursion into the theatre of speculators and capitalists, and that he attributes the present decay of the drama to the virtual disappearance of the actor-manager with his established theatre, a reputation to sustain and definite standards of excellence. We have more than once admitted that the old actor-manager, with all his faults, was better than the new proprietor of half-a-dozen theatres who gambles indifferently in revue, imported American farce, or the charms of a popular favourite. But we cannot allow the actor to blame anybody but himself for the position in which he finds himself to-day—even though he be an actor as intelligent as Mr. Dennis Eadie. The syndicates which to-day control our theatres would never have become the Masters of our Revels if the English drama had not previously come to be regarded as a marketable commodity; and this would never have happened if the actor had not made it the fashion to consider the player first and the playwright scarcely at all. "*Le théâtre, c'est moi,*" said the actor. The theatrical business man decided that, if that were really the case, it would be a good speculation to buy him up and to dispose of him at a profit. The actor prepared his own extinction when he put himself above the drama. The actor only exists artistically as an interpreter of plays. He will be held in respect and set above the accidents of commerce only so long as he upholds the drama. As soon as he begins to trade upon his personal popularity, to flaunt himself at the drama's expense, to draw away the attention of the public from the dramatist, on whom the theatre must in the long run depend, to his own performances—in a word as soon as he assumes the position of Mr. Dennis Eadie at the Haymarket or of Miss Marie Löhr at the Globe, he becomes an object of fashion, a creature of the pictorial press and broadcast advertisement, the principal item in a "show." "Show" is the current stage term for any kind of theatrical production to-day, and we may define a "show" as what is left of the English theatre when we have abstracted the English drama.

The contempt of the actor for the play has to be encountered again and again before it can be fully realised by the outsider. Very few actors, for example, really think that the text of a play matters at all appreciably. So long as the author's general meaning is conveyed in terms easy to remember and to speak they are satisfied. Usually they prefer the text of a play written by an actor to one written by an author because the actor has a professional flair for the kind of phrase which follows most patly upon a cue and a tendency to resort to commonplaces of the stage in preference to a more individual utterance. Still less does the ordinary actor care for the total effect of a play. Some actors never see their play as a whole. They learn their cues and their "lines" and leave the rest. The story of the Shakespearian tragedian who played Julius Cæsar in the Capitol and showed a belated interest towards the conclusion of the run of the "piece" as to how the tragedy ended is not wholly mythical; nor for that matter is the story of Henry Irving, Wills, and a celebrated quotation from Hamlet. It is alleged that Wills at the first-night supper when 'Hamlet' was produced at the Lyceum said, on beholding the banquet, which was generous: "We fat all creatures else to fat ourselves, and we fat ourselves for maggots." Irving, overhearing this

striking remark, leaned towards his guest and commended him upon a happily conceived impromptu. "But it is Shakespeare," said the astonished Wills, "and it was Hamlet who said it." A copy of 'Hamlet' was sent for and the great tragedian was discomfited. The line in question was not, of course, in Irving's acting edition.

One of the most important things in the eyes of actors and actresses is the size and prominence of their names upon the playbill. There have been law-suits between members of the same company and between the artiste and the impresario over this tremendous question of the playbill. A player who feels entitled to large print will be as angry with small print as the actor who feels that he is being "covered" by a colleague on the stage or an actress whose gowns do not consort with her standing in the profession. Let the player be judged by his own criterion of the things that matter. When an author makes a contract with an actor-manager for the production of his play he has expressly to stipulate that his name shall appear on the bill. If he is an author of standing he may be able to stipulate that his name shall be at least as prominent as that of anybody else. That any such clause should be necessary indicates that the drama is almost the last thing that matters in the theatre today. If the drama were of any real moment the first thing the public would require to know would be the author's name. There could be no question of his having to safeguard himself against being omitted from the list of "attractions."

Some of our leading players are quite nice about the superior attractiveness of the player as compared with the play. They will charmingly deprecate the curious perversity of the public in preferring to behold them in a long part to witnessing a good play. They accept the position with regret, helplessly inquiring of their stars why they should have been made so fatally fascinating. It is implied that the actor would like to retire in the author's favour if the playgoer would allow him. "Nolo episcopari" is his protestation, but needs must when the public drives. Here, again, we must go behind the symptom to the origin of the disease. Who taught the public to think continually of the player and never of the play? Who originally invented and still so cheerfully tolerates the system of publicity whereby the player lives and in which he continually moves? Who encourages the press photographer and inspires the cackle of the *coulisse* which so often passes for dramatic criticism?

The remedy for the present state of affairs, so justly deplored by Mr. Dennis Eadie, can only lie in a restoration of the drama as something for which the theatre mainly exists. The actor must retire in favour of the play if he really desires to save himself as a man of art with an independent judgment and definite standards. Good plays will come to hand when the dramatist ceases to be regarded as a negligible accident in a successful production. Not till the status of the drama is restored can our actors and managers reasonably expect men of intellect and imagination to prefer writing plays to writing novels, or to any other kind of literary activity which does not involve the humiliation of submitting to the caprice of a leading player or his man of business in addition to all the other worries and hazards of production. If present conditions continue, men of sense will cease writing for the theatre at all and the intelligent playgoer will more than ever tend to stay at home. Even successful and established authors have to-day to face conditions intolerable to anyone who takes his work at all seriously. The young author who has no name to conjure with or recognised experience to give weight to his suggestions has not the slightest chance of a hearing upon simple merits unless he is prepared to sacrifice his play to the personal charm of this or that popular favourite. Authors who desire a hearing are obliged to perpetuate the very system which precludes any real recovery of our theatre from its present bondage to the wholesale provider.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

UNDER the downs, not a thousand miles from a Cathedral city, and a Royal College, I stayed in a house which Henry VIII had taken from the Church. We fished in the monks' fishpond, and walked in the monks' walk. The most interesting room was the library, which was full of ecclesiastical books, many of them taken from the collection of an Archbishop, the ancestor of my host. In such a library some knowledge may be acquired of ecclesiastical peculiarities. The library windows looked out on a church in the garden, and even here was a peculiarity, for there was no churchyard. The Archbishop would have considered the name of my host's daughter, a beautiful child with all the Christian graces, a peculiarity. It was that of a Heathen goddess.

I was shown a royal chest with the royal cypher. Its lock had six bolts, and probably at one time it contained royal plate. It was certainly an ecclesiastical perquisite. There were many presentation sermons given to The Right Reverend Father in God, and certain prayer-books of various dates. In the Kalendar of one of them appeared the 'Dogge Days,' the 'Taurus,' the 'Leo' and the 'Virgo' of the Zodiac. In another, among the prayers for the Royal Family, was one for the Elector Palatine and the Princess Mary.

The King's printer appears to take in hand the Kalendar of the Book of Common Prayer. Sometimes he removes the name of King Charles and sometimes he restores it. Perhaps he has also dealt with the Dogge Days. It is satisfactory that no conscientious objector has blotted out Lammas Day, Holy Cross Day, and O Sapientia, and that we still commemorate David, Archbishop of Meneo and Perpetua, Mauri-Martyr. The improving record of Lucy, Virgin and Martyr, is still also with the faithful.

Now and then we find an Abbot and a Confessor. There is an Archdeacon of Rome, a Doctor, and an Abbess, a Saxon king or two, and some Archbishops of Canterbury. December 31st is represented by Silvester, Bishop of Rome. He is said to have been the "author of several rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church, as of asylums, unctions, palls, corporals, mitres, etc." Bold infidelity! Turn pale and die! The protestant reformed Church, as established by law, ends the year under the patronage of a Bishop of Rome!

"Is it necessary that the Archbishop of Canterbury should give feasts to aristocratic London; and that the domestics of the prelacy should stand with swords and bag-wigs round pig and turkey and venison to defend as it were the Orthodox gastronome from the fierce Unitarian, the fell Baptist, and all the famished children of Dissent?"

So wrote a Prebendary of St. Paul's. He refers to some of the customs of Lambeth. Archbishop Moore may be taken as an example of the Prince-Archbishop. He seems to have been a great potentate. A coach and six horses; a private state barge on the Thames, with its liveried crew, formed part of his equipment. When the presentations at Court numbered only 400, any gentleman who had been presented could come, wearing full Court dress, on Tuesdays, put their names down before 11 a.m., and dine at Lambeth Palace. These dinners were given up in Archbishop Howley's time, the number of presentations having largely increased.

Archbishop Moore married into a family closely connected with the politics of his day. His second wife was Catherine, daughter of Sir Robert Eden, and sister of the first Lord Auckland and of the first Lord Henley. Some of the Eden pictures still hang at Lambeth. A close friendship existed between William Pitt at Hollwood and the family at Eden Farm, Beckenham. The Archbishop was in close conference with Lord Auckland and with Addington, the Speaker, in furthering the suggested marriage between William Pitt and the Acklands' daughter Eleanor Eden, who afterwards married Lord Buckinghamshire. It will be

remembered that Pitt's money difficulties prevented his marriage. The love letters—stilted and statesmanlike—have been published by Lord Rosebery. Lord Auckland's politics were often subject to attacks. For instance, in the *Rolliad* occur the lines:—

"Will you give a place, my dearest Billy Pitt O.
If I can't have a whole one, O give a little bit O."

The Archbishop married well himself, and paid great attention to the affairs of his sons. Three of these were Joint Registrars of the Prerogative Courts of Canterbury. Two other sons were Joint Registrars of the Vicar General's Office. One of his sons died in 1865, and it has been calculated that from his various appointments he received from the Church in all £753,647.

There is a note in Wraxall's Memoirs which refers to the appointment of Archbishop Moore's successor. On the death of Dr. Moore in 1805, Pitt wished his friend Pretyman to succeed him, but the King burst out—"No, no, no, I must have a gentleman at Canterbury." Dr. Manners Sutton was translated, whose brother, Lord Manners, was Chancellor of Ireland in 1897, and his son Speaker of the House of Commons in 1822. There was another royal intervention at Lambeth in the time of Archbishop Cornwallis. The Countess of Huntingdon was so scandalized by the Sunday parties of Mrs. Cornwallis, that she personally appealed to the King and Queen, and at their remonstrance the parties ceased to be held.

Archbishop Cornwallis, on his arrival at Lambeth, abolished the invidious distinction of a separate table for the Chaplains. He allowed them to sit at the same board with himself. Kindness to tenants and guests existed then at Lambeth as now in Downing Street.

At the appointed times balance-sheets appear to fall from Dr. Ingram, the present Bishop of London, like partridges at Six Mile Bottom before the gun of his brother Privy Councillor Sir Ernest Cassel. The expenses of Fulham Palace and London House must astonish some serious workers in the Vineyard. But other times, other Bishops. Mrs. Proudie at Chester, and Mrs. Moore at Lambeth, never published their accounts. Curates interested in the financial records of the see of London will note that Bishop Ridley, in the Tower of London, was allowed to dine at the Lieutenants' table in the Lieutenants' lodgings. The allowance for this Bishop's table was £1 13s. per week, whilst 6s. 3d. was allowed for fire and lighting and 10s. for his attendants.

We come again to the Bishop of Rome, who hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England. But up and down the country, sometimes in London, sometimes in remote villages, we find suggestions of his influence. An instance of such authority is found in the appointment of Notaries Public. All these officials in the provinces of Canterbury and of York are appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This is a survival of the Legatine power of the Archbishop. Another survival is the Lambeth degrees, which are conferred by the Archbishop. This privilege was granted by the Pope, and was confirmed by Henry VIII.

There is a survival in Church and State in the county of Dorset. For, according to Walford's *County Families*, a young gentleman, born in 1902, is not only Hereditary Lord Admiral of Purbeck Seas, but also Lay Bishop of Wimborne. Does this Lay Bishopric arise from a grant by some Bishop of Rome, or is it a local attack on the rights of the Bishop of Salisbury?

If we go from Dorsetshire to Bedfordshire we find a distinct example of the exercise of an ecclesiastical authority derived from the Pope. Henry VIII conferred on the Earl of Bedford and his successors the peculiar jurisdiction of issuing marriage licences. This was given on the dissolution of the Abbey of Woburn. The Head of the House of Bedford took the place of the Abbot. This privilege was abolished by an Act passed by Lord Melbourne. The ninth Duke issued the last licence on the marriage of one of his sons, Lord Charles James Fox Russell, whose son is the well-known author, Mr. G. W. E. Russell.

(To be continued.)

ROUBILIAC (1695—1762).

Being an Imaginary Unpublished Letter from Geo. Colman, the dramatist, to William Cowper, the poet.

Mitre Court,
Temple,
Nov. 9th, 1761.

SINCE I wrote last, my dear friend, I have been visiting the Abbey afresh, and calling back to mind our walks and talks in the cloisters when we were at Westminster School, and you were so unhappy, and we told so many lies. As I passed the little door leading from the Abbey into the cloister, who should come out but two pickled herrings, real Norfolk dumplings both, all scared and affrighted, "And did ye see 'un, Maester, he fared to be u-shakin' of his dart at the lady?" "Ay, and I doan't blame the poor mawther for bein' afeard-like. But bless me, Maester, 'tis an awesome thing to be settin' up in a Chrissen church." Oho, thinks I, this is something new, and so to see it; and there, in the nave, is the strangest, and the finest, monument that sure was ever made; enough to give a poet like yourself the vapours. (I thank the gods I'm not poetical.) 'Tis a great structure, shewing a young lady, one Mrs. Nightingale, rising from a sick bed and holding fast to her husband, who would ward off the fatal dart shaken by skeleton Death, his drapery a-swirl around him, that starts from his lurking place below. 'Tis alive, believe me, and as fine as anything the connoisseurs show us of Bernini. There I stand, agape like any country bumpkin, when up bustles a little man, his wig awry, his hands tossing about as he speaks, and beside him a gentleman in a plum-coloured coat, whom I knew for Mr. Reynolds, the painter. So, thinks I, let's hear what's afoot, and stood aside. "Dere, Sir," says the little man, "I tell you dis. Dat is mine, but ven I come back from Italy, and had seen dose works of de great Bernini, so captivating and so splendid, by Gar, Sir, my own work look to me meagre, starved, as if made of noding but tobacco pipes. Dere is curistrordinary tings here in de Abbey. Look at dat Norris monument over dere; I tell you, Hush! dat man vat kneels, he vill speak soon." And they going off together, I knew him for little Roubiliac the sculptor, come to look at his latest work, whose statue of Newton* made so much noise when I was at Trinity in '55. Well, some days later it chanced that I had a ticket for Strawberry Hill, obligingly sent me by the eminent Mr. Hor. Walpole, son of the late P——e M——r; and off sets I to Twitnam. 'Twas a good day for his connoisseurship, as luck would have it (they say he is something capricious), and Mr. Walpole was all genteel affability. Having mightily admired his Gothick front, "Why," says I, "this cloister here (in which is the blue and white vase wherein the cat was drowned, as Mr. Gray writes in his Ode) is like that in Westminster Abbey," and we fell to talking of that famous building till I was moved to tell him of the new monument and my rencounter with the sculptor. "Why," says Mr. W., "'Tis my family that have given little Roubiliac his chance, and nobly hath he taken it." With that he tells me a long story, romantick enough to please a poet like yourself, dear Will. It seems that Mr. Roubiliac, that carved this same monument, was born at Lyons towards the end of last century, and having worked under one Nic. Coustou, a French sculptor, sets off to Germany to better his fortunes. If His Highness' Court at Dresden be like that of H-n-r, I don't envy him, and it seems our young man is of the same opinion. He comes to England some five and twenty years since, sickened of Germany and her works, and becomes a journeyman mason to that Carter in whose yards at Knightsbridge you shall not

* "The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."
—*The Prelude.*

see one statue in a hundred even tolerable in design or execution. One night our Fortunatus goes to Vauxhall, and picks up a pocket book, which (like the Good Apprentice) he advertises. 'Twas Sir E. Walpole's, no less, who thereupon sends him with a recommendation to Cheere at Hyde Park Corner, to make leaden Mercuries and clumsy Floras for the rest of his Life, as it would seem. But Cheere, an honest fellow, knows his man, and sends him to Tyers, then looking out for one fit to carve a statue of Handel for his new venture, Vauxhall Gardens. Well, Tyers is mightily pleased with his Handel, and gives him a new commission, a Milton in lead, listening to soft music, à la Penseroso; Nollekens the sculptor gets hold of the model for the Handel and praises it; Roubiliac's fortune is made. In '41 he is making a bust of Mr. Pope; in '43 that noble monument to his Grace of Argyle in Poet's Corner; then the P— of W— sets him to carve the busts of Mr. Dryden, Shakespeare, Milton and Spenser to give to Mr. Pope, and in '47 he sets off—late in life truly—on the Grand Tour. He comes home, makes a good marriage (a fine woman, egad, with a plum to her fortune, though they say he is now mightily behind with the world), and falls to more monument-making. Look at the Abbey—'tis full of him; Oxford too; and Worcester—two Bishops they say (the See must be conveniently mortal for our sculptor). His Grace of Montague too gives him a commission, and he is now fairly launched in the polite world. And little use he can make of it. My Lord Shelburne has him to Bowood, where he frightens the ladies into fits by forgetting to eat his dinner and raving, like a figure in Piranesi's etchings, about a Roman Empress whose bust is set above a side-table, and Malagrida is forced to apologize for his guest. But 'tis all one to Roubiliac. He only sets to work on those statues of his late M—y and the D— of Somerset at Cambridge (in a Vandyck dress, the last), carves a round half-dozen of busts for our famous library at Trinity,† the statue of his late M—y in Golden Square, that noble monument to Handel in the Abbey—the completest thing sure ever seen—and Mr. Garrick's Shakespeare in the Temple at Hampton.‡ It seems that he went one day to the famous Doctor Johnson, that lives in Gough Square, and found him in dismal case, in his library so-called, a garret with a crazy deal table and elbow chair with three legs, which Mr. Johnson, a clumsy giant enough, sets against the wall before sitting in. Mr. R. asks the Doctor for an epitaph for one of his monuments: "It must be noble," says he, "and grand, and vorty of de great man dat it is for, and you, Sir, 'tis you dat I vould ask, vat is so famous—" "Come, come, sir," says the doctor, "no more of this bombast. Let me know, in simple language, the name, character and quality of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write." Mr. Walpole had this from one who knew them both; he hath no love for the Doctor, but calls him a hulking bear, and I think he is not sorry he is poor. "Well," finishes Mr. Walpole, "Roubiliac is a clever fellow, to be sure. There's my neighbour, Mrs. Clive has a bust of Colley Cibber done to the life§ in a cap and deshabille, as like as may be, with his cheeks rosy and hale, his eyes set in wrinkles, but fairly looking you through. Lord, to think we shall come, an we live, to be so plain! Yet it were not amiss to be as happy then as poor Cibber looks. 'Tis certain Mr. Pope was ill-advised to take him as second hero of the *Dunciad*."

Well, enough of this, or you will say I grow as tedious a cognoscento as Mr. Walpole himself. Be it so, dear Cowper, but go to Strawberry Hill and be converted: nay, go to the Abbey and see for yourself. That figure of eloquence on the D— of Argyle's tomb, sure, 'tis worthy of a Greek chisel; or Marshal Wade, that made the Scottish roads after the late rebellion; or Major Fleming, or Handel himself—

there's a terra-cotta of this, the finest thing, in some broker's shop they say, with an organ and angels.|| Look at his wax models, very Fiamingos for grace; and, above all, take your time before this new tomb of the Nightingales. Then,

"Tell me if he were not designed
The eclipse and glory of his kind."

(Do you know that old song of Sir H. Wotton's, dear Cowper?), and say on your oath whether my lord Shelburne is wholly in the wrong when he calls Mr. Roubiliac the greatest statuary of his age.

Thine ever,
G. C.

To Mr. William Cowper,
One of His Majesty's Commissioners
of Bankrupts.

P.S.—I have just heard a comical tale enough of this same sculptor. 'Tis not long since he asked a gentleman home for the night. "Lord," says the gentleman, falling back from the door of his room in a fright, "What is this?" "O, my fren', dat is poor Mary; she die yesterday vid de small-pox. Come, come, you must take part in my bed." A fine fellow for a host, truly, and a very philosopher of Laputa for absence of mind; 'tis pity the Dean did not know him.

|| Afterwards (1785) at Strawberry Hill, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

A SONG ABOUT BOADICEA.

When that great Empress Boadicea rode down the Icknield Way,
Her asses brayed and her horses neighed and her soldiers yelled
"Hooray."
Her transports squeaked, her chariots creak'd, her captains
hullabalooed;
And the woad ran down the Druids' beards as they hobbled as
best they could.

It roared past Weston Turville—that painted motley crew,
It practised on the villagers; it raped and hanged and slew.
Old men, and ducks, and virgins ran howling with alarm,
As it crashed like hell past the "Chequers" Hotel and swayed
round Fir Tree Farm.

A Norwich girl was Boadicea, a virgin free from sin,
Each day she walked down Wensum Street, and drank at the
Maid's Head Inn,
And all her men were Norfolk men, jolly and fat and free,
And fed on beef and dumplings as the men from Norfolk be.

A great cook's face had Boadicea and fiery windy hair,
And when she came to the World's End Inn she halted her army
there.

They drank thick mead at incredible speed, each man drank like
ten,
They had no use for ginger beer, those ginger-bearded men!

At the World's End Inn they quenched their thirst and on to Town
they flew.

They painted London red, and first they painted themselves with
blue;

At Waterloo what a loot they made! Some tribunes there they
slew.

And what exactly a tribune is, is a thing I never knew.

The Praetorians met their Pretoria there. They swiftly left this
earth.

The Legates began to leg it for all that they were worth.

The legions of allegiance had not the least idea,

And so when Boadicea came they all felt bored to see 'er!

[†] The models are now in the British Museum.

[‡] Now in the Entrance Hall of the British Museum.

[§] Now in the Ashmolean at Oxford.

The golden hair of Boadicea is tumbled into dust
 The scythes upon her chariot wheels are rotted into rust,
 And all the men who bled for her in that tumultuous time,
 They move with the slow tides of earth to flowers and sand and slime.

In some hid place of slaughter, Roman and British bones
 Lie heaped where no one sees them—cold under London stones;
 And the streets of Weston Turville are still—so still—to-day;
 The winding ruts are full of grass along the Icknield Way.
 Alas, for all that fiery blood—so quiet now and cold!
 But praise to God for the World's End Inn that standeth as of old.
 Praise for the beer so cool and clear, and the tawny seaman's rum,
 And every night may I drink them here until my turn shall come.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SELF-DEFENCE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—While we are rejoicing at the break-up of the German Empire and the overthrow of Social order throughout Central Europe we have no time to remember that revolution can be even more cruel and brutal than Militarism, and that when your neighbour's house is on fire—the house on the other side of the party wall—you may reasonably fear the destruction of your own.

The overthrow of three mighty Empires, chaos throughout Europe, official Christianity and civilisation perishing in a sea of blood—these are events which may well outlive Time and reverberate in the echoes of Eternity.

A very capable man said to me this morning, a man of the people and now occupying a position of trust and importance, "There will soon be a Republic everywhere—having brought in America to overthrow Kings and Emperors, how can you expect anything else?" This is true, and moreover, the establishment of social democratic republics is extremely attractive in virtue of its promise of repudiation. "Get rid of your King and you can then free yourselves from your national debt," is an alluring proposition to any nation which owes hundreds of millions to outsiders—let us hope that it will not prove too attractive to a certain one of our Allies. In this connection we may note that republicanism in Germany means no indemnities—another serious matter for ourselves.

The success of the Socialist revolution in Germany, Austria, and Hungary will strengthen the Bolshevik movement in this country, a movement which has already given our Government grave cause for alarm. Unfortunately certain of our Ministers gave great encouragement to it at the beginning when they showered their blessings on the Russian revolution with its orgy of rapine, murder and rape.

Socialism, of which Bolshevism is the extreme form, is international in its character and if it is to be fought successfully this must be done by means of a worldwide Individualist organisation. To most English Conservatives this idea will be rather repugnant, for we have always prided ourselves on the national character of our organisations, but as the programme of the Bolsheviks appeals to the lower instincts of mankind in every country under Heaven, so it can only be combated by an organisation equally universal.

Individualism upholds the rights of the Man against the might of the Majority and appeals not only to property owners but also to many in every class who, though they may have no property, attach great importance to personal liberty. For myself, since half my income is taken in taxes while the capital is also threatened, I am selling my block of War Loan and propose to devote the proceeds to the foundation of an

Individualist League. Whether I shall get any support remains to be seen, but surely the wise course is to spend money freely in self-defence, seeing that without such defence one is sure to be robbed later. "Often," says Burke, "I have known men lose all because they would not risk all to save it." For my own part I would far rather see every farthing's worth of my possessions perish in the flames than hand over even a portion of it to Bolshevik brigands.

The Bolshevik successes in Russia were largely due to the weakness of property owners and their utter lack of self-reliance. Their one idea was "to save something" out of the wreck, instead of being content to lose everything if only they could inflict corresponding loss upon the robbers and murderers who attacked them. They had forgotten Samson, the great exemplar of scientific retaliation: "And Samson said: 'Let me die with the Philistines.' And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Yours faithfully,
 C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, nr. Leeds.

AUTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If there is any "authoritative voice" anywhere in "the Church," or Churches, surely it should now be lifted up with great boldness to declare to all men that there is no more destructive heresy on earth than the mocking chant—not to say cant—of "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

Indeed, the whole course of the history of man proves that the enthronement of Demos is not only the abnegation of even "Religion," but the end of all the courtesies, the humanities, and the liberties of men. If Bible teaching means anything, it means respect for all ordered authority, "to the King as supreme," to the magistrates, to "the powers that be which are ordained of God."

And not by the utmost ingenuity in the treating of Scripture, so sadly common to-day, can one single passage be discovered which, in the least, encourages the idea that Democracy—especially "in the latter days"—is the form of government, either ordained, or suited to the needs of man as he is so faithfully represented in Holy Writ.

"The Clay and Iron" mingled together, in other words, *constitutional monarchy*—this is the appointed form of government for the *orbis terrarum* of the whole Roman earth, according to Scripture, and however disjointed the times are now, as sure as is the ancient covenant of the day and the night, so surely will this rule of men be, in the not distant future, seen flourishing among all the nations of the coming "League."

Unhappily, men look for "authority," and authoritative pronouncement, for the word in season in the great crises of their affairs to the wrong place—they look to the great organised, ecclesiastical adjuncts of the world, and they look in vain!

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed." The Apostle John has told us where the authority of Christ is to be found—in words as shattering as they are simple—i.e., He came to His own (professedly) and His own received Him not, but to AS MANY as received Him, to them gave He the authority (exousia) to be the Sons of God.

And the Early Fathers undoubtedly realised this when they coined that supreme phrase—"Ubi Christus ibi ecclesia!"

And there men can still look, and not look in vain, for the footsteps of the Master in the footsteps of His Flock.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. E. CLARKE (Minister).

The Hostel, Anerley, S.E.20.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I make a suggestion about the place of Autocracy and Democracy?

What can be sanely inferred to be the pattern form of Government according to divine revelation? Surely it is a combination of both of these forms as it is in the (ideal) Church of Christ, in which democracy has full sway up to a certain point, that point being where it comes into contact with the sphere of governance which is solely and exclusively and, we believe, divinely placed in the hands of the Episcopate; which is almost autocratically placed in the Church (though its own conclusions are democratically arrived at) by the Master. This constitution, and its execution, are as old as Christianity itself, and its development for adaption to each country and age in which and through which it passes is under the guidance of the Holy Spirit—so long and whenever the Church has laid itself open for that guidance by being fit for it.

The secular or political sphere of life is, of course, open to receive the same privilege of guidance by the Holy Spirit, as Mr. Young says, for all life is one indivisible whole, co-operative and co-ordinated (since the universe is the reflection of One Personality), and is not a congeries of water-tight, isolated compartments. Why, therefore, can it not be assumed that the clearly divinely-ordered form of Government in one sphere (the Church) is the same as that of each other sphere, in the ideal age, and the practical? Which is the ruling or almost veto class in nature? The fittest. It is immaterial to my point which or who is the fittest. Which in the animal world? The best breeds. In the spiritual? The Bishop, by divine authority. Enough to prove, I think, that there is an *almost autocratic* sphere, in the ideal, in every sphere of governance, and that there is, also in the ideal, an authority to fulfil its functions. The problem is to find that sphere and that authority in political life. It cannot be assumed to be the Cabinet once in being, for it or its individual members trim sails to catch every wind of democracy in normal times (thank goodness it has not done so in war time, much as we said it did!), very much like Pontius Pilate when he gave way to mob clamour and consented to crucify Him who came as a "witness to the truth"—and then washed his hands of it, or thought he did.

This discussion about democracy is very *à propos* to the consideration of Church Reform now going on, and there is rather a danger that, in the authorities' endeavour to rouse and stimulate the people's interest in the democratic sense, the proper sphere and functions of the Episcopate may be impaired, in sympathy with the democratic wave which you, sir, in the political sphere, are doing your best to dam (and when you say d... you mean d...!). Your difficulty is to hold up the standard of sanity in democracy without being, or even seeming to be, reactionary in a bad sense—which, if you will pardon my saying so, you have sometimes, though seldom, seemed to me to be.

I humbly suggest that the line to take, *openly* and *candidly* (that is the point) in political government, for the relief of the present distress of those who want to uphold standards of sane democracy, as compared with the present democracy "with a torch," is a candid combination of Autocracy and Democracy, with spheres as clearly defined as English views will allow. According to the people who hold and say that the Government is always really carried on by a certain section of Society (with a capital "S"), this is already being done covertly—and that covertness, or the suspicion of it, is just the strongest stone in the foundation of the madness of the Bolshevik spirit, which sees any ideal democracy for ever flouted and frustrated by the wire-pulling influence of the *bourgeois* of every community. Bolshevism would far rather ally itself to the real autocrat (for it is one itself) who candidly rules of his own will, than with the (supposed) intriguing but powerless (of itself) *bourgeois*. Lenin or Trotsky as good as laid this down in the relation to autocratic Germany on the one hand and the *bourgeois* of Russia on the other.

The conclusion of all this is that we ought to have a House of Lords with a strong hereditary section, nominated by the Peerage, trained for government, supplemented by the cream of ALL spheres of good life in the country.

Yours faithfully,
J. P. PARRY.

Bilsdale Vicarage, Stokesley, Yorks.
18th November, 1918.

THE ARMISTICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—After a terrible four and a quarter years' object-lesson in the "value" of German scraps of paper, we are confronted with the amazing spectacle of the British nation going mad with joy over yet another one, which is called an armistice. I should doubt whether Marshal Foch attaches much importance to this document as a contract, and evidently the German Government attach still less, as, immediately they had signed it, they appealed to the President of the U.S.A. to help them in getting out of it—a somewhat remarkable method of advertising Teutonic "good faith."

The outstanding feature of this latest scrap of paper venture is that we do not even know with whom we are dealing. In our previous ventures we knew the German Government had the power, and we thought they had the will to carry out their undertakings; now we do not know whether they have either the one or the other. And even assuming they have the power, it is pretty obvious already that they have not the will to comply with the *real* terms of the armistice. I say *real* terms, because some of them are not terms at all. The peaceful evacuation of occupied foreign territory by German troops is a *concession*, and a greater one than they had any right to hope for. As regards these *real* terms, i.e., those which concern the Navy and maritime matters, the Germans will oppose them by every means in their power. They will lie, they will bluster, they will try every dirty trick in their national equipment; and, even if they eventually pretend to comply, we shall never know whether they have really done so until we have marched to Berlin and Kiel and found out for ourselves.

Yours faithfully,
COMMON SENSE.

THE FUTURE OF THE "MIDDLING CLASSES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the serious letter in your last week's issue, under the fantastic heading "Git," will you allow me to point out that there is a class whose future looks far more dismal than that of those with independent means?

I mean manufacturers largely dependent on their export trade, who have suffered cruelly from the war, and who are dependent for their existence on organised labour.

They cannot, in the language of your correspondent, "Git" without the risk of absolute ruin, and, on the other hand, they cannot successfully compete in foreign markets, if they have to pay materially higher wages than those paid by their competitors—whether these competitors are Japanese, Dutch, German, Belgian, or of any other nationality.

We shall also have to face very keen competition from America, and, though I recognise that American manufacturers do not pay low wages, nevertheless in many cases they secure a larger output from their labour than we can secure here.

American manufacturers also will not suffer from the grievous taxation which will press on us for many years, and in some parts of America coal is much cheaper than it seems likely ever again to be in this country.

Your correspondent speaks of organization and co-operation.

He would do a good work if he could help us manufacturers, either by organization and co-operation, or by any other means, to secure labour from abroad, or to transfer our businesses to countries where labour is cheaper, or anyhow more easily controlled, than it is in this country.

I enclose my card.

Yours faithfully,
AN EMPLOYER.

THE ORGY OF WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I should like to endorse every word written by a "Professional Man" in your last week's issue, and to add a little to it.

I have come across many cases similar to those described and deplored by your correspondent, but, as an instance of the demoralisation he speaks of, I give the palm to a woman, aged 28, who has filled for the past two years a seemingly responsible, well-paid position in a hospital on one of our fighting fronts. I have seen the letters of this particular "noble woman," and they speak for themselves of the orgy of war.

At first one scanned them eagerly for some item of interest regarding her work, but such a thing was never once referred to; she wrote of it all as "the time of her life," and filled page after page with exciting accounts of her bridge, pic-nics, dancing, and flirtations, in short, "all the joys of life that her soul yearned for"; proposals, oh yes, by the score, but marriage, well, no—not yet a while, not while the fun lasted."

And these are the women who are going to count, who are going to have a hand in reconstructing us. Is it any wonder that the other women—those who have worked for over four years to hold homes together, those who have silently waited and watched, and lost, are tempted to ask themselves, as they listen to the joy bells ringing for peace: "Have we really won?"

Yours truly,
NOT A NOBLE WOMAN.

NATIONAL MUSIC AND PAGEANTRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The present seems a fitting time to try to effect the confederation of our London choirs and choral societies, so that through music and pageantry some sort of broad expression may be given to our national character on such occasions as demand its display.

In these last few days it has been almost pitiful to watch the lack of direction in the manifestation of our rejoicings, a manifestation which clearly demonstrated the power of joy and emotion in our people, but just as clearly showed it to be wasted in impotent and meaningless mafficking. Yet it is true to say that such a power, with wise direction, might have been turned to a noble expression of our national spirit; further indeed, that there are no more potent means of consolidating and beautifying it, for music and pageantry are not only of the nature of beauty but of a bond.

In pursuance of this, the Conductors or Secretaries of all London choral bodies are hereby invited to a meeting at Saint Anne's Schools, Dean Street, Soho, W.1, at 6 o'clock on Friday, November 29th, to consider the matter and elect a committee who would put in motion the necessary machinery. Artists, pageant-makers, members of our municipal bodies and others interested in any aspect of the proposal are also cordially invited to attend.

The use of such combined forces is obvious on days of national sorrow or rejoicing. Generally it would be exercised in open-air celebrations in the form of professional singing, or mass meetings; and while the whole force could be gathered together centrally on national occasions, it would also be easy under this scheme to organise the resources of each district, so that local needs could be met in much the same way.

The organisation would be open to all choirs, church or secular. The strongest and the weakest must co-operate, if fruitful results are to be secured, and not only will the community advantage from the voice of its musicians and the hand of its artists, but artists and musicians may also be made more aware thereby of their relation to the community.

Offers of the needful financial help will be welcomed at once by the temporary secretary—Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott, 57, Addison Road, W.14.

(Signed) ADRIAN C. BOULT.
HARVEY GRACE.
CHARLES KENNEDY SCOTT.
GEOFFREY SHAW.
MARTIN SHAW.
R. R. TERRY.
R. A. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

"WHAT IS A MUSICAL PERSON?"

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your previous issue, "Common Sense" in his letter on the above subject, lays his finger upon an open sore in contemporary British (perhaps more correctly, English) national life. All true Art lovers must cordially endorse his outspoken condemnation of the present-day prostitution of music.

We English people cannot claim to be generally appreciative of good music; the proletariat in this country does not throng Queen's Hall as do (or did) the German masses Bayreuth; of the three adjectives "good," "bad" and "indifferent," we have, until recently merited the last. But now the attitude of the British Public (speaking in broad, general terms), towards music is worse than indifferent, it is more than distinctly bad. We drink our coffee, watch absurd melodramas on the kinematograph (and frequent alleged "musical evenings") to the accompaniment of so-called "music," whose sickly sentimentality and mawkish, obvious cadences are a profanation of the Art of Arts—Music.

This spurious "music" of the Café, variety theatre and kinema is not sensuous but *sensual*, appealing, as it does, to the most unhealthy and degraded instincts which apparently form a large part of the psychological constitution of the regular patrons of these places. We call the music of Chopin and Schumann "sensuous," can we apply the same adjective to the "light music" of the sentimental song and (un)musical comedy? To the cultured mind, the term "light music" must produce a mental effect similar to that conjured up by the expression "light women"; a feeling of contempt, coupled with sorrow at the debasement of what should be a high ideal.

This "light music" is called "pretty";—yes, it is pretty and that is the simple reason why it is not music. Works of Art are never pretty, they are either true or untrue; if they truly portray Reality they are beautiful, if not, the reverse. "Pretty music," forsooth! yes, exactly, the low prettiness of French postcards of nude members of the *demi monde* and the penny novelette.

One would not designate the pictures of a Turner, the statues of a Michael Angelo, the poetry of a Shakespeare, as being "pretty," why, then, should the highest of all arts be subjected to such gross impertinence?

That pet society abomination, the "musical evening" (sic), is mentioned above. As a matter of fact, music is very seldom to be heard at such gatherings—the "pretty music" played and sung being merely designed to loosen the tongue and cover empty chatter and scandalous gossip, which is punctuated by the "music," the performer and the chatter beginning and ending simultaneously. And these good people disperse and return to their homes flattering themselves with the notion that they have been "worshipping at the shrine of Music" and possess the "Soul of Music." (As "Common Sense" very truly remarks, those who make use of the latter expression usually "have not the remotest idea of what it means!")

However, sir, in days of paper shortage, it behoves me to trespass no further on your valuable space. The relationships between Art and the human race have been truly summed up for all time by Schopenhauer, in his "Metaphysics of Fine Art"; any further diatribe on my part would be superfluous and would not mend matters one iota. The composition and publication of trash is a lucrative trade and they that pursue it are no more altruistic than other tradesmen.

Yours truly,

E. AUSTIN HINTON.

(P.S.—In Russia they have a literary censor—England badly needs an expurgator of unhealthy "music.")

"Comyn View,"
Warwick.

POETRY AND LAW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Perhaps you will grant me a little of your valuable space for a reply to "Old Pen," whose interesting letter I have just seen in your columns.

Form is the thing that must be created. One cannot take form ready-made and follow it. If we did, we should value a plaster-cast above a Greek statue, and the mechanical transport that enabled the German guns to batter Rheims Cathedral above the Cathedral itself.

If knowledge and adherence to technical and metrical rules makes for better poetry, why is it that the age of the Elizabethans, in which these same rules were challenged and debated, produced so many fine poets, while our present age produces so few? Why is it that the revolt against the rules established by Pope, Johnson, and Goldsmith led to Blake, Keats, Coleridge and Shelley?

What warranty is there for the vulgar belief that rhyme is an indispensable adjunct to poetry? The two greatest English poets, Shakespeare and Milton, rejected rhyme. We know that Milton did so deliberately, and admitting that rhyme is useful why need it only be employed at the close of the line?

One does not break with tradition merely because one refuses to blindly follow it. No one has yet become a great painter through copying Titian, or a great poet through imitating Wordsworth. One can only continue tradition by studying the past and by applying the knowledge gained to the changed conditions of to-day.

The modern poets are not Bolsheviks, nor anarchists. Rather, their aim is to preserve poetry from its steady degeneration into Kiplingesque journalism, and in this respect they claim to be Conservatives. They do not desire to destroy the rules. Rather, they aim at restoring them, by rejecting the worthless and making use of the good.

As regards Gautier and the Parnassian opinion that a work of art is the more beautiful for having overcome great difficulties in making, no one can object to this. Some may prefer the skill that cut the figure of Zeus upon a tiny piece of agate, to the power that set him, in ivory and gold, in the vast temple at Olympia. But it is equally ridiculous to admire a man simply because he shows skill in following the rules, or to damn another for his ability to create new rules for himself.

Your obedient Servant,
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.
37, Crystal Palace Park Road, Sydenham.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN STERLING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I happened to visit this grave in September, 1917, under ideal conditions. It was a fine autumn day, and I came down from Hillside, Ventnor, where Sterling lived and died. There once more I had the pleasure of re-reading Carlyle's Life of Sterling, perhaps the most wonderful prose idyll in the language.

Moreover, when a boy at Cowbridge School, I had often walked on the hill at Llanblethian where Sterling had lived when a boy and where, I understand, the last

vestiges of the actual house were removed in 1900 to make way for the building of the present Vicarage of Cowbridge.

So, all things considered, I went in the right mood on my pilgrimage. When I arrived at the actual grave in Bonchurch old churchyard I was struck with the great distinctness with which the simple inscription is cut on the headstone, and the general want of care the whole grave displays. Sterling's life was one of rare promise rather than of accomplished fulfilment, but nevertheless his influence upon F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley was very great, and it was the cause of Carlyle writing the sanest and best balanced of all his books. Of his Life of John Sterling Froude says. "As a piece of literary work it was more admired than anything which he had yet written and in calmness was a general surprise. He had a tranquil command of his subject, and his treatment of it was exquisitely delicate. He was no longer censuring the world as a prophet, but delighting it as an artist. The secular part of society pardoned the fierceness with which he had trampled upon them for so beautiful an evidence of the tenderness of his real heart" ('Life of Carlyle,' Vol. II., page 63).

So, if anything is to be done to Sterling's grave, as one who has derived much pleasure and profit from the constant perusal of his Life, I shall be happy to contribute a mite, and I am sure that the present owner of Hillside, Ventnor, would gladly contribute another.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR S. MORGAN.

CARAVANS URGENTLY NEEDED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—"Re your fleet caravan scheme, I reckon it's the thing, especially as the housing in our cities is rotten. In Birmingham there are two or three families nearly in every house. I myself am in furnished apartments, and would only be too glad to avail myself of the opportunity to live in a caravan," writes a correspondent. His letter is a fairly typical sample of a host I have had to the same purport. A Government department is urgently needed to build and supply at reasonable rates of hire or purchase a fleet of standardized caravans to meet the widespread demand expressed by numerous applicants with desire to live an open-air life. The health of the bulk of our population is, we hear, C.3. A caravan life would speedily lift it to the A. Class.

J. HARRIS STONE,
Author of 'Caravanning & Camping Out,'
and Hon. Sec. Caravan Club of Great
Britain and Ireland.
28, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Powell, has misread my letter. I am not crusading against the open window: I have no time to waste on such forlorn hopes. I am only pointing out that the serious reduction in our coal ration requires a corresponding reduction in the amount of cold and damp (*Anglise*, fresh air) voluntarily admitted into our dwellings, if we are to come through the winter alive.

It is merely a matter of taste, but I personally would sooner live ignobly surrounded by microbes than die a glorious hygienic death in the purest of all pure atmospheres.

Yours faithfully,
C. A.

[The open window is not so much a matter of taste as of habit. If men were to go out to dinner in their shirt sleeves and without a collar, they would certainly catch a bad cold. Yet women do it without harm.—ED. S. R.]

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REVIEWS.

HOMESTEADING.

Two Prairie Seasons. By Edward West (with illustrations). Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THE suggestion of the author of this book, in his modest preface, that there was "still room for one of this description" seemed to us proof positive that he must either be very young or very ingenuous, and we confidently anticipated a replica of some score of similar experiences published in the last two or three decades. We frankly confess to opening it in cynical mood: not by any means that of the wearied reviewer, but of one much interested in the subject and more or less in touch with the Canadian prairies, through their various stages of progress since they were first seriously opened to settlement. And that, alas! is a long time ago! Many people remember the lean fifteen years or so that followed the first mad boom of '81-'82; when the un-metalled streets of Winnipeg with its trifles of population were knee-deep in mud, and the gaunt forms of incompletely and abandoned residences littered the incipient suburb beyond the old Fort Garry. There were long years of disappointed hopes, of much silent suffering on the prairie, of heroic, unprofitable toil under gloomy conditions—of frequent abandonment by those free to do so: a period of conspicuous failure among British immigrants, accounting for the bad name acquired by the country in British colonizing circles, and even in Eastern Canada, whose hardy, better qualified sons were sitting tight in the North West, some of necessity, some with firm faith that the country would one day come into its own. And this we all know it did with a mighty rush just before the dawn of the new century.

We now hasten to admit that the author has justified his plea that there is room for another book of this kind; one which, like 'Homesteading,' at any rate, is freshly and attractively written, also eminently practical. Room should be found for it both in the trunk of the emigrant and on the shelf of the stay-at-home who has a taste for pioneering by proxy. For ourselves, we read it from start to finish with an interest not lessened by the fact of being able to visualize the scenes described and recognize the fidelity of the picture, the sanity of outlook, and, incidentally, the touches of feeling for the spacious prairie atmosphere. Though there is no pretension to literary skill, the book is well written. The period apparently is that just prior to the war, and the Province of Saskatchewan the scene. The actors are two young men of the middle class from Somersetshire, whose united capital, only £200, necessitated the slowest and most laborious method of starting a prairie farm, namely a free grant on the fringes of settlement. Not being land-buyers, they were untroubled by land-sharks and met with much help and kindness from the settlers, who, as usual nowadays upon the prairie, were of mixed race. The perils of 'Alkali land,' the importance of water and accessible timber, in selecting a homestead, the difference between upland and bottom land [the rolling prairie resembles the Wiltshire downs in contour] as affected by the early frosts, so fatal to unripe grain, are all described as a personal adventure and in such a manner as to keep one from skipping an oft-told tale. And so, too, one follows with unexpected sympathy the familiar story of shack and stable building and cellar digging against the terrors of approaching winter: the buying of oxen and breaking of land and all the portentous strain of incipient prairie life aggravated by the long wearisome journeys for trifling but necessary requirements. This limited outlook, however, is greatly enlarged by the frequent interchange of work with neighbours in a more advanced condition whose experiences and prospects are interestingly recorded. Furthermore, to save undue encroachment on their small capital, the pair go on tour with a threshing machine and that, too, in a disastrous year, when nearly all the wheat is "frosted." Their second year, however, is one of a "bumper" crop, which provides a useful contrast for the author's narrative. At

the same time he shows the different significance of a "bumper crop" to the great markets, the national wealth and the world at large, as against its actual meaning to the farmer hauling his wheat twenty or thirty miles and delivering it at the elevator for 50 cents a bushel [16s. a quarter!]. Mr. West went out fully expecting to make money at wheat-growing, and the pair undoubtedly had every quality, physical and mental, for success. He found it "a gamble," and on a homestead years must elapse before operations on a sufficient scale to justify so big a word.

The advantages to the settler who can buy land near a railroad do not need the object lesson contained in these pages to recommend them. To reckon on a "prospected road" is often weary waiting. The first glamour of land-ownership, a worthy and delightful joy to most English colonists, is well set forth by this one. While it lasts there is nothing like it in the world, above all in a young and growing territory all alive with those rosy visions of future embellishments of earned and unearned increment that lighten the hardship of primitive conditions. Alas! that sentimental joy of ownership, the product of an old country where acres have a peculiar significance, assuredly fades with time in one where land is easily acquired and regarded simply as a commercial asset, and even as such utterly rejected, save in bulk as a speculation, by the wealthier and more educated classes. But our author soon grasps, with no little shrewdness, the part actually played by the Canadian farmer. He sees him labouring, East or West, as no English labourer works, and producing most of that national wealth of which other classes, more articulate and more concentrated and with less toil, take so large a share—and not only that, but appearing to the Canadian farmer to pose before the world as the creators of Canadian prosperity, instead of (as he sees them) its manipulators and beneficiaries.

Mr. West touches on the burning domestic question, whether gently-reared English girls should be asked to share the life of a prairie farm, or, in other words, to do all its household drudgery. One or two of his young friends, in light-hearted thoughtless ignorance, have apparently such wives in view. As a young man, he is to be commended for his doubts as to the fairness of such proceedings. If he were still older and had a longer and wider experience of the prairie he would know that they are little short of criminal. What a record these countless domestic tragedies of the prairie and backwoods would make. Cooking perpetual meals, over hot stoves, often in fierce sunheat, often, too, for troops of hungry and rough men; scrubbing, cleaning, mending, churning, baking, and other exacting, imperative duties, performed amid the crudest surroundings; while super-added upon all this comes the bearing and rearing of children! The trouble is that the pluck of this type of Englishwoman carries her on through the weary years uncomplainingly, till, prematurely aged, she drops out or is peradventure saved by some shift to a town or home again. Canadian girls of this class never marry farmers, regarding farm life with holy horror, but then they seldom meet them, as Canadian men of similar degree in East or West never dream of farming for a livelihood, and anyone familiar with Canada can readily understand the reason. Exceptions to both these rules are a negligible quantity. Another type of men and women do the farming—in both old and newer Canada—and, as the author justly says, with much unconscious heroism.

PLATO'S IDEAS OF POLITICS.

Greek Political Theory. Plato and the Predecessors. By Ernest Barker. Methuen. 14s. net.

D R. FOLLIOTT, arguing in 'Crotchet Castle' with his host, bade him "remember that, in our Universities, Plato is held to be little better than a misleader of youth; and they have shown their contempt for him, not only by never reading him (a mode of contempt in which they deal very largely), but even by never printing a complete edition of him."

That was Peacock's comment in the thirties, and for many years later Oxford and Cambridge relied on German texts of Plato. It was only in 1900 that Prof. Burnet began adding the master of Greek philosophy to the Oxford Library of Classics. Jowett's renderings and the version of the 'Republic' by Davies and Vaughan came from masters of English who did much more justice to Plato than the usual translator. But the modern reader with little or no Greek talked about taking these translations up seriously, and read a brief handbook instead, one of those short cuts to knowledge which the twentieth century has produced in profusion, and which qualify the shallow-minded to suppose that they have mastered a subject. We are not denying the use of some of these sketches. Where they are pernicious is in encouraging the belief that philosophy or learning of any kind can be sucked in, like a tabloid, without any trouble. Mr. Barker's thick book with its small type and frequent footnotes is a solid affair to tackle, but the subject is complex and worth thorough study, if it is to be studied at all. After the war, when the Universities have settled to their normal work, the Oxford School of Greats and the young philosophers of Cambridge will, we hope, read, mark and digest this book in great numbers. It is just the thing for them, and it may be mastered by the less instructed who content themselves with the jack-daw hoard of Mr. Shaw's paradoxes or other latter-day guides to the millennium. These philosophers sometimes remind us of the gifted Scotch youth who, entirely uneducated, wandered into the mountains and returned with the glorious discoveries of the lever and the saw—which were a credit, indeed, to his unaided intellect, but not of much practical use to a world already provided with them.

The ancient Greeks were full of good ideas, though not good at putting them into practice. They were the pioneers of political philosophy, but that fact does not put them out of date. It is partly the pedantry of classical scholars which has obscured the use of Plato, Aristotle, and other masters of Greek thought. Till recently books were crammed with the discussion of German theories and guesses which were regarded almost as Heaven-sent facts. Mr. Barker wisely removes matter of this kind to his footnotes; he writes a clear style free from the pedantry of needless long words; and, further, he writes as a man moving in the world of to-day. *Tout savant est un peu cadavre*, is one of these French epigrams which hit the mark. The expert is apt to forget that his subject belongs to the world as well as to himself. Thus Bywater, when he edited the 'Poetics' of Aristotle, committed the *bêtise* of making no reference to later comment on what is still a standard work. Mr. Barker in his careful analysis abounds in hints and references to yesterday and to-day. He can quote Burke and William Morris and refer to Maitland and Dr. Figgis, Nietzsche and Zola. In the 'Laws' Plato has a view of crime as a disease, which reminds Mr. Barker of 'Erewhon,' and argues that to suffer punishment justly is, like acting justly, honourable. To parallel this Mr. Barker cites the action of convicts in the Russian Revolution of 1917, who, when freed, resolved to continue their punishment, selected warders out of their number, and swore to obey them. The 'Laws' embodies views on war which are more sensible than many we read to-day, but Plato has, as might be expected, been condemned by a Viennese Professor for militarism! This is a misunderstanding, but Plato is in favour of national service and would substitute the drill-ground for athletic games. The frontiers of his State were to be digged and entrenched and fortified, a recommendation which has become obvious to-day. He would give women the same work as men and bring them into the open life of the State. His views of family life may seem strange, but they have echoes in the thought of to-day. The woman who sat at home with her wool-work was for him stunted in development. Children were to be taught to use both hands equally. As for eugenics and disease, Plato is startlingly modern. He advocates that very exchange of

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health certificates on marriage which the up-to-date doctor in the 'Damaged Goods' of Brieux offers as a safeguard against the dangers we hear so much of to-day.

In the 'Laws' Plato is not always consistent with himself or his earlier views. It is unfortunately a long, dull treatise compared with the 'Republic.' No philosopher, perhaps, except Herbert Spencer (who is definitely dead) ever conceived and carried out through a long life a tedious, logical, all-embracing system. Plato, for all his practical sense was, like Socrates, a mystic, and an artist of varying thoughts and moods. His gifts of language and poetry will always keep him alive, for these things are very seldom accorded to philosophers.

How far he represented the views of Socrates we shall never know for certain. Whether he wrote his 'Apologia' in answer to Xenophon's, or what the relations of the two, if any, were, no one knows either. The opinion of cultivated men cannot help preferring Plato to the good, fussy, honest soldier with a limited mind who occasionally reminds us of Eckermann on Goethe. From the hands of Xenophon, says Mr. Barker wickedly, Socrates "emerges as a respectable Benthamite." That is an exaggeration, but one which has our sympathy. As for Plato, we regard him as an artist who built, no doubt, on actual reminiscences of the talk of Socrates, but added, especially as the years went on, much of his own. With that view Mr. Barker would not quarrel, but we must leave to him and other professionals the nebulous discussion whether Socrates kept a definite school of philosophy at Athens. A novelty in the book which is curiously interesting is the fragmentary treatise 'On Truth,' translated for us out of the Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Antiphon (not the orator) was its author, and adds substantial authority to Mr. Barker's excellent chapter on 'The Political Theory of the Sophists.' Antiphon and his like were teachers worth consideration, to whom Plato was naturally inclined to be unfair, not crude blusterers like Thrasymachus in the 'Republic.' Antiphon does not maintain that Right is Might, but he concludes that it is good to evade the law, wherever one can do so without detection. A good many citizens of the twentieth century and of the highest respectability have reached the same conclusion, or—shall we say?—conviction; and they do not even care if they are convicted.

PORTRAITURE IN HISTORY.

Characters of the Seventeenth Century. With an Essay by David Nichol Smith. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 6s.

STUDENTS of history are no longer rationed on what used to be called "literary pemmican." Mr. Nichol Smith's selections from Clarendon and others give us an attractive gallery of historical portraits with a well-considered essay and notes by way of catalogue, which includes most of the prominent personages of the seventeenth century. Most, but not all of them, for Mr. Nichol Smith ought surely to have included Roger North's admirable character of Judge Jeffries, more especially as it acts as a corrective to Macaulay's mordant caricature. "When he was in temper," wrote Roger, "and matters indifferent came before him, he became the seat of judgment better than any other I ever saw in his place. He took a pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attorneys and would deal forth his severities with a sort of majesty." And, as the activities of William III. were virtually compassed by the century, Mr. Nichol Smith might well have extracted from Burnet an opinion on that patient warrior and statesman. There was Danby too, but perhaps that prehensile politician cannot be said to have had a character. With these exceptions, however, the great men of the Stuart and Cromwellian times all pass before us in their habits as they lived; we sometimes hear them speak, and we are always told what their contemporaries said about them.

The character came into English literature, in the first place, as an illustration of the virtues and vices.

The sinister and luckless Overybur was an early worker in the vein, and Ben Jonson imported it into the drama with his "humours." But its value as an adjunct to history was soon perceived, since Tacitus and Livy were at every writer's elbow, and it attained its excellence in Clarendon. We agree with Mr. Nichol Smith that the character declined with the steady development of biography, but it did not altogether expire, and a word or two might have been added as to the merits of Chesterfield's studies, and for that matter, of Charles Greville's, particularly when he deals with dames of degree. Anyhow, Clarendon remains the model; and though the Atlantic roll of his sentences makes him difficult reading, he succeeds alike with his friends and his opponents. The two characters of Falkland come dangerously near panegyric, but Clarendon frankly states at the outset of the first of them that "the celebrating of the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons and transmitting their great virtues for the imitation of posterity" is "one of the principal ends and duties of history." It is rather a moral essay, in fact, than a searching analysis such as he applied to Strafford's motives; a treatment which contrasts, in turn, with the charitable interpretation he places on Buckingham's waywardness. But then Clarendon was human, very human; he was only twenty when Fenton's knife did its work, and the magnificent being who won the heart of Anne of Austria clearly dazzled him to the last. In the same way, he cannot quite bring himself to do justice to Pym, whose tortuous methods revolted him, but the character of Hampden is a remarkable instance of historical detachment. The last sentence, comparing Hampden with Cinna, which is out of keeping with the rest, was, it appears, a marginal afterthought, added when Clarendon was old and embittered. Even in "Cromwell's" case, Clarendon is careful to record that he "was not a man of blood," and though he is dismissed to hell fire as "a brave, bad man," we see that he is assigned a foremost seat among the lost souls.

Now and again, while reading Clarendon, we sigh for the vivacity of Cardinal de Retz, his best French contemporary, or for some illuminating detail like Madame de Motteville's description of Mazarin, as he neared his end, weighing his money so that he could use the light coins at cards. There are, fortunately, Sir Philip Warwick and Fuller to supplement Clarendon's serious generalisations. Sir Philip tells us about Cromwell's "plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor"; his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable." Warwick, too, acutely observes of Charles I that "though he was of as slow a pen, as of speech, yet both were very significant"; and though Clarendon, Fuller and Warwick are in agreement that Laud's conspicuous failings were passion and want of tact, the last adds the shrewd stroke that Laud "believed those forward instruments, which he employed, followed the zeal of their own natures, when they did not observe that of his."

It is a long descent from the dignified Clarendon to the wordy and commonplace Burnet. The bishop is not amiss with the coarse, jovial Earl of Lauderdale, and "his tongue too big for his mouth which made him bedew all he talked to." But the subtle nature of Halifax quite baffles him, except for the characteristic remark that he believed there was not an atheist in the world. Halifax himself, however, comes to the rescue of Burnet's verbosity with the delicate discrimination of his character of Charles II. What the bishop takes whole pages to convey is packed by Halifax into a sentence; Charles "would slide from an asking face." And he reads the King's heart with the wise commentary: "When once the aversion to bear uneasiness taketh place in a man's mind it doth so check all the passions that they are damped into a kind of indifference." Dryden, too, adorned the Restoration period, and Mr. Nichol Smith is careful to give us his Shaftesbury and his Buckingham. But in spite of Dryden, in spite of Halifax, we feel that we have come upon a smaller age with smaller men to illustrate it.

The men of letters from Bacon to Cowley find places in Mr. Nichol Smith's selections, but unluckily, so much that was set down about them consists rather of casual jottings than of deliberately elaborated characters. We know from Aubrey that Milton rose at four and that he was of a cheerful humour; from Jonathan Richardson that he used to sun himself at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields "in a grey coarse coat." They are thumbnail sketches, not finished portraits. Apart from politicians and soldiers, the fox-hunting squire, Henry Hastings, as described by Shaftesbury, receives by far the happiest treatment. The account of his disorderly household, with litters of kittens in the armchairs and cold chines of beef and venison pasties in the pulpit of the disused chapel, is inimitable; and, as Scott was deeply read in Restoration literature, he may well have been indebted to Shaftesbury for some of the rollicking passages of 'Rob Roy.' It is finer literature than Lucy Hutchinson's eulogy of her husband, the Colonel, which, with all its merits is too much in the lapidary style to be quite satisfying.

THE OCCULT WORLD.

The Relationship between the Mystical and Sensible World.
By Herbert N. C. Newlyn. Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

The Undiscovered Country : Edited by Harold Bayley. Cassell. 4s. 6d. net.

That Other World. By Stuart Cumberland. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.

THE three books before us are specimens of what is now a considered branch of contemporary book-making, namely that concerned with the spiritualism and the bastard mysticism which has gained a certain amount of respectability lately through the adhesion of Sir Oliver Lodge and one or two more distinguished men of science. Sir Oliver's good faith and intellectual eminence will not be denied, whatever opinion one may have of him as a judge of evidence; but it is necessary to point out that an intellectually much more disreputable crowd is sheltering beneath his umbrella, and taking advantage of his qualified assertions to preach the widest follies. Presumably there is a public for these. The credulity of some people is amazing. If the Jew Apella had lived in London today, he would easily find a congenial spiritual home. Not unconnected with the spiritualist movement is the popularity of certain philosophies, derived mostly from oriental sources, which indulge in the most fantastic speculations.

Mr. Newlyn's little book, which is mercifully short, is an attempt to provide a philosophy of mysticism with much talk about what he calls the Cosmic Need and its place in the world. We have always thought that the amateur in philosophy should be discouraged, and our suspicions of Mr. Newlyn awoke when we found him telling us in the preface that the main lines of his thought "have been determined by experience rather than by study." Especially irritating is the rhetorical and pulpit style in which he writes. Imagine an essay by M. Bergson re-written as a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, and you will have an idea of Mr. Newlyn's work. Some people will, no doubt, call it beautiful; others will put it in the waste-paper basket. The reader can take his choice.

A far lower depth of imbecility, however, is reached in Mr. Harold Bayley's anthology. This professes to be a selection from works written by the dead, giving an account of what life in the next world is like, and communicated by occult means to the living. Most people, probably, were unaware that these books existed, and Mr. Bayley is kind enough to say that "the prevailing ignorance is excusable, for most spiritualistic communications have, until recently, been published obscurely, and considerable research has been necessary to rescue them from oblivion." Well, here they are, and those who wish can read the description by Julia, by Hagel, Prince of Persia, by Private

Dowding, by a Living Dead Man, and a crowd of others. Although the level of intelligence is appallingly low, a patronising tone is frequently adopted. Everyone is not satisfied with the prospect of the Christian Heaven, but the prospect of association with these people would lend a new terror to death.

It is pleasant to get away from them to Mr. Stuart Cumberland's jovial, amusing and slangy book, packed with common-sense and split infinitives and describing how he pricked mediums with pins and put red paint on spirits' noses. Mr. Cumberland has good reason to disbelieve in mediums, because he has exposed many of them and can do most of their tricks himself. It may, however, be doubted if the subject is quite so simple as he supposes. Fraud explains a great deal that takes place at séances, but there is a considerable amount that cannot thus be explained.

We suggest the possibility of a natural and scientific explanation of the seeming marvels which will render unnecessary the hypothesis either of spirit-communication or of fraud. After all, the science of psychology is still in its infancy, and it is in the pursuit of this knowledge that the explanatory clue may be found. Other sciences have been cradled in superstition. Astronomy grew out of astrology, and chemistry out of alchemy. M. Emile Boriac, the Rector of the Academy of Dijon, in an interesting book published last year, has suggested that psychical science may also burst its bonds. Certainly, until this happens, there seems small chance of much advance being made. It is worth noting that all these superstitions hang together. Where you find spiritualism, you continually find also, as the journals of the underworld of occultism plainly show, the belief in palmistry, in horoscopes, and in a multitude of things that the scientific mind has long outgrown. An atmosphere is produced in which superstitions breed like vermin. The chief reason, it seems to us, why the spiritualist movement is to be deplored is that it is directing research in a wrong direction, towards the attempt to pass human survival of death, and away from the attempt to explore the human mind and discover the laws that govern it. Man is naturally prone to jump to conclusions. Hesitation he abhors, as a rule. But an attitude of hesitation, of suspension of judgment, with regard to the better part of the evidence collected, is the only attitude that is justified at present. Missionaries like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, insisting that this is "essentially a religious movement," are merely tiresome intruders into the nursery of a new science. To the baser type of spiritualist other objections may be made. Chief among these is the way in which he has exploited the war and preyed upon those who have suffered bereavement. They are often in a very unfit state to resist his advances. It is to be hoped that, when peace comes, it will bring with it a welcome revival of sanity in this direction.



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COMMONPLACES.

Education for Liberty. By Kenneth Richmond. Collins. Price 6s. net.

THE ordinary teacher, who, though not philosophical, is, as a rule, an intelligent sort of person and really wants to understand the principles of his trade, will read this book with interest, but will rise from it with somewhat mixed feelings. Some of it possibly, particularly the last chapter, will be rather unintelligible to him. In other parts he will be surprised to find Mr. Richmond advocating as reforms principles which he has always held as commonplaces, while elsewhere again he will find suggestions, which seem to him useful and practical enough, but set out of their due perspective by the author. Amongst these last is the foremost idea of the book, "the unity of knowledge," a phrase which in itself will perhaps not have much meaning to him, but is later interpreted as "the synthetic method," or "the correlation of studies." The clearest illustration which our author gives of this is an account of the way in which a middle-school form who were experimenting in seedling culture and analysing soils found these studies co-ordinated with their geography, mathematics, essay-writing, and history lessons "when the first effects of the industrial revolution were being studied, particularly the displacement of agricultural values." Again, Mr. Richmond frequently insists that we ought to teach language, not languages, and the practical meaning of this seems to be that the "broad elements of language structure should be taught from English and a little later from English and French together: then the more detailed structure of Latin can be brought in." As to the first of these examples, our teacher will probably feel that such co-ordination is very desirable, if it is attainable without a ruinous sacrifice of other objects. As to the second, he may very likely say that he has never thought or really practised anything else. For, though there was in the past a school which advocated the beginning of Latin much earlier, it never failed to realise the relation between Latin and English. It also taught "language, not languages," and held that the study of Latin involved automatically the study of English. In fact, the principle of the unity of knowledge is far more generally recognised than Mr. Richmond thinks. It is true that it is often derided. Indeed, Mr. Richmond himself tells us that "it has been made absurd by a certain type of intellectual dilettantism." The cynically-minded may, perhaps, be forgiven if the first of the two illustrations quoted above faintly reminds him of a celebrated lesson by a distinguished pedagogue in 'English and Philosophy,' where the study of "language-structure" as exemplified in the words "window" and "clean" was co-ordinated with valuable exercises in domestic economy. But the intelligent teacher has never failed to recognise the value for teaching in pointing out not only the more, but the less obvious relations of what is learnt to the already existing knowledge; or, if he has not recognised it, it is only because it is so self-evident that he has failed to formulate it.

So too the remarks on the co-ordination of history-teaching, though often good and useful, seem to us sometimes to be fanciful and sometimes to exaggerate one side of the truth. To the former class belongs the suggestion (if we understand it aright) that history may be brought into relation with science by pointing out how the "ape and tiger" still live in historical characters. The realisation of this evolutionary truth will contribute, we are told, to a child's "patience with history." Again, when we are told that "without some previous elementary study of local decentralized government, children can make little of one of the most significant features in the Russian Revolution," we shall admit the literal truth of the statement, without drawing the inference which Mr. Richmond intends. Amongst the half truths we should put the statement that "all history teaching is unreal in the degree with which it fails to co-ordinate the past with the present."

The Church and National Reconstruction

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND does not yet possess the Central Fund needed to supplement the efforts of its Diocesan Boards of Finance. The need for enlarging these local efforts has been felt for many years. There are now most urgent reasons for inaugurating the Central Fund without further delay. To obtain the necessary clergy to replace the gaps due to war, 2,000 bursaries at the Universities, averaging £100 each, must be provided for the nation's candidates, and a contribution of £50,000 made to Theological Colleges.

A definite and well-considered effort is being made to provide a living wage for all incumbents and curates, not forgetting the increase in the cost of living which will inevitably be perpetuated after the war. A carefully prepared Pension Scheme for clergy is being launched, an annual sum of fully £45,000 will be needed to provide bursaries for prospective teachers in Church Elementary Schools along with a Capital Fund of £100,000 for new Training Colleges, £250,000 must be found annually for the Church Extension work so urgently needed in National Reconstruction, and a similar sum to supplement the Diocesan activities, especially in the poorer dioceses, upon which Church work is so greatly dependent. A capital sum of not less than £500,000 is needed for a Loan Fund and Emergency Fund.

After careful examination of all relevant facts it is estimated that to provide for these and other needs the sum necessary to be raised for the Church of England Central Fund should be

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The provision of this large sum will not subtract from the wealth of the nation. In an economic as well as a religious sense it is true that righteousness exalteth a nation. When the moral and spiritual tone of a community is raised its industrial productiveness rises also. The ministry of the Church tends to fill the workshops and the markets, and to empty the prisons, the asylums, and the hospitals. Such considerations as these make it incumbent upon all men of good will, irrespective of religious considerations, to support by their countenance and their contributions the newly-formed Central Fund of the Church of England.

Gifts may be made, if preferred, in the form of National War Bonds or Stock, and may be spread over a series of years.

Full information about the needs of the Church of England may be found in "The Soul of Wealth," recently published by Mr. John Murray at 2s. 6d.

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That such co-ordination is one of the main uses of history is true enough and has always been recognised both by the teachers and writers of history. Nowhere will it be found more clearly stated than in Livy's preface. And when the teacher has neglected it, the cause is probably to be found in the misuse of "co-ordination" in entrusting the teaching of history to the form-master rather than the specialist. But it is only one use. When Mr. Richmond says that "the past is dead; it lives only in its union with the present and through the present with the future," he ignores the imaginative side of history. The generations of children who have delighted in the romance of history have no thought of the present, or, if they have, it is its difference from, not its connection with, it.

The other leading idea of the book is involved in the title. The "liberty" at which education aims is, we are finally told, liberty for "self-development in the power of effectual co-operation with others," in fact "social service." Mr. Richmond seems to link this to the idea of "unity of knowledge"—how, we hardly understand; for the one by no means implies the other. The false and "Russian" idea of liberty, which our author denounces as the spirit which says, "I will do this because I am I" has in practice been found all too compatible with a keen appreciation of the correlation of studies.

Anyhow, no one will quarrel with Mr. Richmond's ideal. What the schoolmaster will question is how far it can be consciously and deliberately followed in classroom life. Mr. Richmond is rightly enough not satisfied with the fostering of corporate spirit in the games-life; though perhaps he does not sufficiently recognise the sphere provided in maintaining the "tone" of a house. For the class-room he suggests such devices as setting the more advanced pupils to help the weaker; or the preparation of charts by a higher form for a lower. On the whole we think that our schoolmaster will again say that such devices are good, but can be only occasional, and that the class-room is not the place where social service comes into greatest prominence. And if this is so, it is but in agreement with the fact that in all our lives there are great tracts where duty to self is the first consideration, and that beside the truth of *non sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo*, we have to set the antinomy that only by truth to ourselves can we exclude falsity to others.

Mr. Richmond in one place formally disclaims any claim to novelty. Yet the book throughout gives the impression that truths which have been always recognised as truths, but with their limitations, are here exalted into things both absolutely true and also new. Take, for instance, the remarks on the superiority of self-emulation and sense of progress to competition as a motive. An obvious truth! But the practical teacher from Quintilian's day downwards has always recognised that the two are inseparable, that the boy who works to keep or better his place in form does so because he knows that otherwise he will not be progressing as is expected of him, and that we can all most easily convince ourselves that we are progressing, if we see that we are not falling behind our fellows. So too with the doctrine that the acquisition of knowledge should be followed by a sense of power to use it. Why! this was the very essence of the old curriculum of classics and mathematics. Though travestied as a course of memorising grammar and formulæ, it was nothing of the kind. It aimed at equipping the student with the minimum which he needed for intelligent self-activity. Grammar was merely the instrument for translation and formulæ for solving problems.

We much appreciated Mr. Richmond's earlier historical sketch, which he called 'Permanent Values in Education.' If we do not care quite so much for this later book, it is due partly to a certain ponderosity of style and partly to the characteristics criticised above. We do not dispute its value, and the teacher who carefully considers how far he does, and how far he can carry out its principles, may profit considerably. We should add that our remarks apply entirely to the first four-fifths, and not to the long concluding chapter on "superconsciousness." This last, "professedly tentative and conjectural," is a matter for the professional psychologist.

MARBLE HALLS AND MARKET BUTTER.

The Home and the War. By Sophie K. Bevan. John Murray. 6s. net.

THE home which has furnished Mrs. Bevan with a text for her dissertations is no other than Littlecote Hall of historic fame; the scene of a tragedy suggested under a greatly modified form in one of Scott's short poems. It is a habitation which may well inspire affection; especially in a tenant who, thoroughly loyal to her adopted country, is obviously an American. But we may be permitted to question whether it is adapted to serve as a model for English homes in general. On the outbreak of the war, and the consequent collapse of her husband's business on the Stock Exchange, Mrs. Bevan formed the excellent design of converting her country-house into a permanent residence instead of a hotel for week-end visits. She began by reducing her staff of gamekeepers from eighteen to six, and replacing the half-dozen men daily engaged in "pushing little twopenny-halfpenny mowing machines over various grass plots" by a motor mower requiring only two drivers. These are measures of war economy which few of us have found necessary. A dairy was next inaugurated; and here excellent butter is now made and sold to necessitous neighbours at a loss of two shillings in the £, a benevolent, but scarcely an economic industry. Yet on many practical details, such as the care of goats and pigs, Mrs. Bevan gives sound advice, and her point of view is refreshingly cheerful and human.

Her suggestions towards reconstruction inspire us, we must confess, with some misgiving. It is difficult to look forward with unalloyed enthusiasm to a millennium in which the good butter above mentioned will be nowhere procurable under 4s. 6d. a pound. And although our Liturgy, like most ancient institutions, may stand in need of revision, we are not convinced that it would be improved by Mrs. Bevan's emendations. In discussing the necessity for educational reform she makes the curious remark that our women (of the better classes, presumably) "have proved so competent," partly because "they were fitted with a living education instead of dead languages." The girls whom she justly admires differ from their grandmothers, as in other respects, so in this, that they have frequently some tincture of those same soul-destroying "dead languages." And in any case, well as they have served at home, who would maintain that they have surpassed their brothers at the Front? With regard to the population generally, that "race of clerks who, in civil life, have not been useful to themselves or to their country," have at any rate faced what is possibly the severest demand ever made on any generation, and faced it, to say the least, worthily. By all means, let us improve our educational system, but let us bear in mind that whatever changes we

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introduce will meet with no more appreciation from reformers fifty years hence than Mrs. Bevan and others accord to the Acts of 1870 and 1902. And let us at least be just enough to admit that the soldier owes to those anathematised Acts the enjoyment of his home correspondence and his newspaper—solaces all but unknown to the armies of an earlier day.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'War,' by Michael Artzibashev, translated by P. Pinkerton and I. Ohzol (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net). This play in four acts is far and away the best thing that Artzibashev has yet written. It is simple and direct, with the simplicity of genius. It expresses the tragedy—the foolish waste of the tragedy—that is weighing on millions of homes in Europe to-day. There is nothing of the lubricity of 'Sanine' or of his later books; sex enters into it naturally with no emphasis of circumstance, human pity and purging emotion are what it relies on for its appeal. We do not know how it would play, but it ought to be seen on the stage.

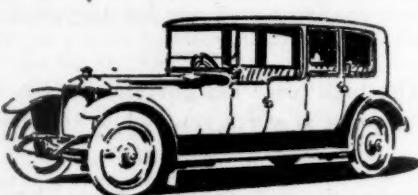
'The Black Opal,' by the Comtesse de Brémont (Jarrolds, 7s. net) is dedicated to Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and whatever faults that "Journalist, Poet, and Patriot" may have committed must be expiated by the thought that his name is connected with it. It has no redeeming qualities, its plot does not hold together, its working out is incoherent, its work-a-day details show a complete carelessness of probabilities astounding in the author of some half-dozen published novels.

'What God hath cleansed,' by H. C. Castleman (Westall, 6s. net), is the story of Wilfrid Ormonlow, only son of Lord Polford, a musical genius, a weak fool, and a drug-taker. He betrays a girl, leaves her to starve with her child, marries a young woman who believes in "spiritual marriage" and nothing more, goes to the "damnation how-wows," is divorced, marries the mother of his child out of pique, gets the spiritual cleansing of the title, and at the last "journey's end is lover's meeting." If this were a first book there might be hope of the author doing something in future, but it is not.

'Disloyalty, the Blight of Pacifism,' by Harold Owen (Hurst and Blackett, 6s. net). Mr. Owen is nothing if not thorough-going, and here we have an indictment, extending to some 260 pages, of our more prominent "defeatists" and their dupes, written in vigorous and direct language, inspired by common sense and patriotism, and proved, to the last word, by the writings and deeds of those whom he attacks. We wish we could make every believer in the pacifist propaganda read this book from cover to cover.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

- Amazing Interlude, The (Mary Roberts Rinehart). John Murray. 7s. net.
 An Armed Protest (F. Bancroft). Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.
 A Little Chaff (M. Lavington & H. Urquhart). Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
 Colour Studies in Paris (Arthur Symons). Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.
 Diary of a Churchgoer, The (Lord Courtney of Penwith). Macmillan. 5s. net.
 Dawn of Hope, The (Morice Gerard). Morgan & Scott. 4s. 6d. net.
 Democracy and War (Sir Guilford Molesworth). Spon. 1s. 6d. net.
 Draft Convention for League of Nations (By Group of American Jurists and Publicists). Macmillan Co., N.Y. 1s. 3d. net.
 Dorothy, V.A.D., and The Doctor (R. W. Campbell). Chambers. Economic Statesmanship (J. Ellis Barker). Murray. 15s. net.
 Escape & Fantasy—Poems (G. Rostrevor). Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.
 Flapper's Mother, The (Madge Mears). The Bodley Head. 6s. net.
 Fairy Tales from Foreign Lands (Druid Gray). Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.
 Guynemer, Knight of the Air (Henry Bordeaux). Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.
 Horse and The War, The (Capt. Sidney Galtrey). "Country Life." 6s. net.
 Hope's Star in War's Sky (Coulson Kernahan). Morgan & Scott. 2s. 6d. net.
 Joyful Sorrow (L. H. B.). Constable. 4s. net.
 Joseph and Asenath (Ed. by Dr. E. O. E. Oesterley and Canon Box). S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net.
 Knights of the Air (Escott Lyn). Chambers. 6s. net.
 Martin, Son of John (C. A. Nicholson). Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s. net.
 Many Fronts (Lewis R. Freeman). Murray. 6s. net.
 Men in Battle (Andreas Latzko). Cassell. 6s. net.
 My Reminiscences (Fanny Lady Blunt). Murray. 15s. net.
 Nelson Touch, The (Walter Jerrold). Murray. 3s. 6d. net.
 Over "Over There" ("Wing Adjutant"). Cassell. 3s. 6d. net.
 Oil of Joy, The (David Williamson). Morgan & Scott. 2s. net.
 Our Happy Dead (Hugh Brown). Morgan & Scott. 2s. 6d. net.
 Private Companies (Sir Francis Beaumont Palmer). Stephens & Son. 1s. net.
 Pioneers of Progress: Galileo and Michael Faraday (W. Bryant & J. A. Crowther). S.P.C.K. 2s. each.
 Rhymes of the Red Triangle (Hampden Gordon). John Lane.



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23 November 1918

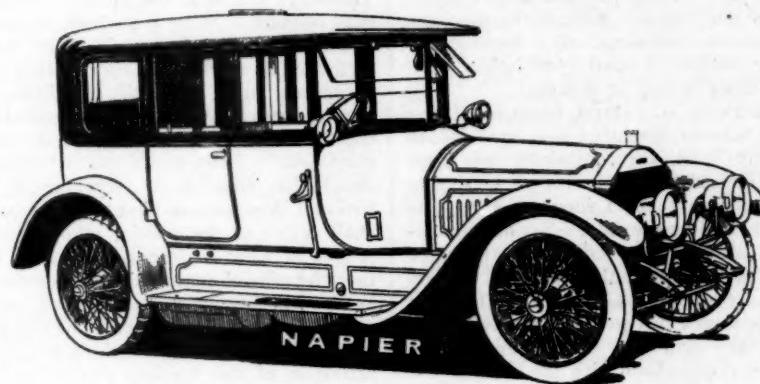
The Saturday Review

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THE CITY.

Reaction and depression in the Stock Markets should cause no surprise or alarm just now. The dawn of peace has checked activity in every department of business that previously had benefited from the spending capacity of the war worker, capitalist or labourer. For example, the clothing, drapery and millinery houses which have been doing a fine trade for months within the scope of restricted supplies of materials, now report nothing doing either wholesale or retail. Consequently prices are coming down and the more rapid the decline the sooner will business revive. On the Stock Exchange the depreciation in quotations has been disproportionate to the realisations affected, just as the preceding rise gave an exaggerated reflection of the actual buying before the armistice. These movements are the natural result of the restrictions on trading which renders it difficult to find sellers when prices are going up and equally difficult to discover buyers when markets are declining. But fluctuations might be even more violent if open speculation were permitted—which nobody wants at present.

The dulness of markets is natural because of the uncertainties of the future; investors and speculators cannot "see their way"; but the conditions have been accentuated by the General Election with its inevitable emphasis of the requirements of Labour and its disturbing influence on trade generally. Serious disappointment is caused also by the absence of reference in political speeches to the financial aspects of various social reforms that are under discussion. The City yearns for signs of economy in Government circles and grieves to note that any proposed new expenditure is often "justified" by comparison with the cost of the war; thus, if a special scheme may cost 100 millions the amount is dismissed as being only equal to a fortnight's war expenditure. As if we were not still paying for the war and likely to do so for a few generations!

It is well for Mr. Bonar Law to acknowledge that "It would be in the highest degree unwise to contemplate the continuance of the excess profits tax on anything like the present basis," but apparently the first requirement will be to check the extravagant ideas of Government officials who during four years of "thinking in billions" have acquired a dangerous habit.

The only important financial modifications made by the Treasury since the signing of the armistice have been the necessity that the public should still contribute £25,000,000 a week to War Bonds and that Government restrictions of new capital issues cannot be relaxed. Supervision of new issues is, indeed, desirable in the interests of those who require capital as well as in the interest of national finance; but it is intolerable that "no relaxation can be permitted in the restrictions on new issues." We hope that this notification implies that sanction must still be sought from the Treasury; but that the actual restrictions will be sensibly relaxed. Many industries are starving for capital, and if British trade is not to be handicapped in the forthcoming world-wide competition it must receive the necessary and available facilities. Supervision is required merely to prevent a general scramble for new capital and the flotation of new issues for frivolous purposes. Even the form of supervision suggested should be removed as soon as is compatible with national interests, so that the censorship of new issues shall revert to the public, who, as a whole, are good judges of what is deserving of their support. Whether there be official supervision or not the ultimate decision as to whether a company shall receive new capital remains with the investor. The chief evil of the official restrictions is that it provides a wide loophole for the activities of the touting circulariser who assiduously invites subscriptions to highly speculative and wild-cat schemes, and obtains in the aggregate considerable sums of money which might be devoted to more useful, and certainly more profitable, purposes.

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BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 1906, £2.2; Stephen Phillips, The New Inferno, with designs by Vernon Hill, large paper copy, 21/-; Whistler and others, by F. Wedmore, 1906, 6/-; William Morris's Collected Works, 24 vols., £12.12; Wheeler's Old English Furniture, 12/6; Gotch's English Homes, 30/-; Geo. Moore, A Story Teller's Holiday, signed by author, £2.2; Wisden's Cricketers' Almanac, 15 vols., £2.2; Cricket: a Weekly Record of the Game, 30 vols., £6.6; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates 2 vols., 21/-; Frank Harris: Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde, 2 vols., £5.5. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER and send it to THE CHURCH ARMY, and so help to meet a NATIONAL NEED and at the same time contribute towards giving COMFORT AND CHEER at home and abroad to the brave lads fighting our battles by sea, land and air. Sacks gladly sent for storage and transmission. Collections of parcels within 6 miles of Charing Cross. Communications to Secretary, Waste Paper Department, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

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BURMA CORPORATION.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Burma Corporation was held in London on the 18th inst. Sir Trevredyn R. Wynne, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., who presided, in the course of his speech, said:—

I will first deal with the accounts of the Burma Mines (Ltd.), in which the company hold 21,813 shares out of 24,577, that is, the whole share capital except 2,754 shares. The Burma Mines (Ltd.) holds the leases of the Baldwin Mines, and is the owner of all the valuable property and plant in Burma. The gross receipts for 1917, taking into account lead and silver on hand since realised, amounted to £790,227, against £524,926 for 1916. The net profit remaining for 1917 amounted to £192,144, as against £77,540 for the previous year.

Turning to the accounts of the Corporation, it will be seen from the profit and loss account that the balance of profit, which is almost entirely derived from the percentage of the Burma Mines (Ltd.) profits, amounts to £158,525 as against £39,266 for 1906, and the balance at the credit of profit and loss account is increased from £39,266 to £197,791.

The share of profits due from Burma Mines (Ltd.) has been advanced to the mines to meet expenditure, and as this state of affairs must continue for some year or two longer, I regret I am not yet in a position to forecast when these profits will be available for distribution as dividends. After hearing what I have to say as to developments and policy, you will, I trust, be able to agree that the present diversion of profits to the equipment of this great property with a view to the realisation of the maximum value of its metallic contents is a sound and proper course, and that in due time you will be handsomely rewarded.

The general results of the working of the Burma Mines are given in the report. They show, comparing the figures of 1917 with those of 1916, that the refined lead produced increased by 53 per cent.; the refined silver from 105,000 oz. to 1,525,000 oz.; the gross receipts increased by 52 per cent.; and the ratio of working expenses to gross receipts shows a reduction of 3½ per cent. As illustrating the progress made in the development of the operations in Burma since 1915, as compared with the figures of 1917, the following figures will interest you:—The refined lead produced increased from 6,947 tons to 16,957 tons; the refined silver output from nil to 1,525,844 ozs.; the gross receipts from £323,570 to £796,327. On June 30, 1918, the ore reserves stood at 4,299,888 tons, assaying 24.2 oz. silver, 26.8 lead, 18.72 zinc, and .07 of copper, of which 3,897,345 tons has been proved. At the end of June 1917 the figures were 3,793,000 and 3,442,148 tons respectively. Our proved ore has therefore increased by 13.2 per cent., and the total proved and probable by 13.4 per cent. Regarding the development work carried out during 1917, this has been less than during the previous year, the respective figures being 6,735 ft. of driving and cross-cutting, as compared with 8,216 ft. in 1916.

I now move that the report and accounts be received and adopted.

Mr. Walter McDermott seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

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Messrs. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON, and HODGE,

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This diagram roughly represents three years' increase in the work of the Y.W.C.A.



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In 1915 there were 10 Y.W.C.A. Huts, Clubs, Canteens and Hostels started for war-workers.

To-day there are over 250.

In 1915 the Y.W.C.A. Clubs helped business clerks, munition girls and servants.

To-day they are crowded by every type

of war-worker—Munition workers, A.P.C. clerks, Land-girls, Q.M.A.A.C., W.R.A.F., W.R.N.S.

In 1917 the Q.M.A.A.C. was formed, and the Y.W.C.A. had built one Blue Triangle Hut in France.

To-day there are 30 in France, 30 in England.

This progress is a result of the demands of the women themselves—of the Government authorities—of employers.

The Y.W.C.A. has provided sleeping accommodation in crowded factory towns, in railway stations, and at sea-ports. It has built Huts for the Women's Services in France and England. It has established war-work centres in India and Egypt, and Clubs for Army Nurses and V.A.D.'s at Cairo, Bagdad, Amara, and Bombay. The Y.W.C.A. provides Recreation Clubs for the Women's Services, and food, recreation and housing for all classes of war-

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No one can calculate the influence of the Blue Triangle Recreation Huts on the comfort of the Women's Services; the benefit of War-workers' Clubs, Hostels and Canteens to the health of the munition girls, on whose labours the lives of our soldiers depend. No one can estimate the difference the Blue Triangle has made in the lives and outlook of many young girls away from home for the first time, often in difficult and lonely surroundings.

It is for this work of vast scope that the Y.W.C.A. asks your assistance to-day. Much has been done—much remains to do. Now is the time.

If you have given nothing before, ask yourself if you should leave it all to others. If you have given—repeat, if you can, your donation, and see through the good work to which you have set your hand.

Please send your cheque to-day to the
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Women Wartime Workers' Fund,
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